A VISIONARY JOURNEY

The Story of
The Wildwood Delights

The Story of
The Mount Potala Delights

Longchenpa

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED BY
HERBERT V. GUENTHER

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and
The Story of the Mount Potala Delights

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To

EDITH *and* NORA

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INTRODUCTION

The development of Tibetan poetry was deeply influenced by two major Indian literary traditions, belonging to two different social levels. The one, current among and meant for the common people, was represented by Saraha's numerous *Dohākośas,* didactic treatises, called "Treasures" (*kośa* or *koṣa*), of songlike stanzas (*dohā*) in the Apabhraṃśa vernacular in which the author spoke of his spiritual experiences as he had lived them.[1] (As an illustration of the vividness of presentation one such "Treasure" by Saraha is given in the appendix.) The other tradition, restricted to courtly and elitist circles, was represented by Daṇḍin's *Kāvyādarśa,* a scholastic Sanskrit treatise on figures of speech, subdivided into imagery (*artha*) and diction (*śabda*). While the Tibetans were mostly content with writing elaborate commentaries on Daṇḍin's work and, until recent times, illustrating its rules by *ad hoc* stanzas,[2] it was Longchenpa (1308–1363/64)—hereafter referred to as Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa—who in a sovereign manner applied Daṇḍin's rules in his independently conceived writings. As a matter of fact, with the exception of his purely scholastic treatises, all other works by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa are written in verse form and at every turn reveal his poetic temperament, if not to say, genius.

The *Wildwood Delights* and the *Mount Potala Delights*—Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa calls them stories, or narratives (*gtam,* Skt. *kathā*)—are two poems that well illustrate his poetic vision and skill.[3] However different their subject matter may appear to be, the poems are intimately related to each other thematically, since both have as their starting-point the author's deeply felt unhappiness with the worldly situation in which he finds himself and the equally deeply felt urge to journey into wider and more rewarding realms of spirit. As is customary in Tibetan works, each poem begins with a twofold invocation, a shorter and a longer one, and

a statement of intent. In each of the invocations the different tenor of the two poems is clearly brought out. In the *Wildwood Delights* it is still mundane: the wildwood, with its beauty and serenity, calms one's inner turmoil, soothes one's passions, and opens up new vistas. In the *Mount Potala Delights* the tenor is distinctly supramundane: visions suffused with supernatural light draw us deeper and deeper into the realms of imagination and the fountainhead of our being.

Written in the form of a self-addressed letter that is both an exhortation and a farewell message, throughout its length the *Wildwood Delights* uses stanzas of nine-syllable (2:2:2:3) lines, each forming a unit of sense that may or may not be linked to the next unit of sense. As in the case of Indian ornate poetry, each stanza constitutes a vignette that becomes associatively, not deductively, linked to the following stanza or vignette. Only in the longer invocation does Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa use four eleven-syllable (6:5) lines, corresponding to the Sanskrit *dodhaka* meter.

The poem itself is based on the antithesis of the sordidness of worldly existence, with its restlessness, greed, and widespread depravity, and the beauty of the wildwood, with its quietude instilling a feeling of contentedness and inner calm. The hero, who is none other than Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa himself, is pained by being scorned because of his poverty and his studiousness. In his presentation of this intolerable state, the poet employs one of the oldest and most universal poetic devices, the refrain, meaningfully and emphatically to reinforce his intention to leave ("I wait no longer but go into the wildwood"). He uses the same device in the panegyric portrayal of the charms of the wildwood and what living there can teach us ("Understand this as a certainty"). Lest it be assumed that leaving the world with its ephemeral excitements and taking up residence in the quietude of the wildwood is merely an escape from our duties to others, the poem is quick to point out that this move is rather a prelude to finding life's meaning, which lies both beyond and deep within us, and out of this

realization to act in resonance with the whole, a mode of activity whose most human expression is compassion.

The *Mount Potala Delights* is a literary work of art whose meticulous composition in prose alternating with verse loses nothing of the spontaneity of its original conception. Its theme is the quintessence of Buddhism, the visionary experience of Being's dynamic nothingness/openness (*stong-nyid*, Skt. *śūnyatā*) reaching into our existence as superlative compassion (*snying-rje mchog*, Skt. *mahākaruṇā*). Compassion is neither directed against nor contradicts Being's nothingness/openness, but is its highest expression.

The invocations introduce the listener to a rich world of imagination in which Buddhist and Hindu elements are harmoniously blended. The short invocation pays homage to a spiritual force that in its anthropomorphic shape is the bodhisattva Avalokiteśvara—the Buddhist paragon of compassion whose mind is set on and suffused with Being's pellucidity and to whom we mortals eagerly look up for guidance and who understandingly looks down (*avalokita*) on us—but who in his more physical aspect is Śiva, the auspicious and mighty lord (*īśvara*) who presides over this world-system. Śiva's glory is mainly a reflection of the loveliness of Gaurī, the goddess with whom he is physically commingled, so that to describe the charm of her figure, as Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa does in the longer invocation, is to describe his shape as well. The glory of her face, the full moon, bears witness to Buddhist virtue of sharing, immortalized by the image of the hare, and also lets the whole world bask in the soft lambency of its rays. To capture her exquisite beauty in words, Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa uses the elegant *mālatī* meter, consisting of four fifteen-syllable (8:7) lines. He employs the same meter whenever beauty is the theme, be this the beauty of a landscape (verses 42–44, 112), a person (verses 119, 122, 129), human deeds (verses 126, 131), a mood (verses 133–135), or an experience (verse 149). Only once (verse 147), when he reflects on the fact that the world is full of beauty that living beings barely notice—a blindness to beauty that also seems to imply a disregard for his talents—the poet uses the languorous

śardūlavikrīḍita meter, consisting of four nineteen-syllable (12:7) lines. Otherwise he composes stanzas in the stately nine-syllable line or, in exclamatory instances, the lighter seven-syllable line.

The phrase "flight of fancy" involves more than a mere metaphorical diction. In order to move into the world of imagination and explore its near-infinite dimensions, one has to break down and break out of what holds one in the grip of an impoverishing, narrowing, and suffocating model of the world that excludes whatever cannot be represented by and reduced to the trivial. One has to "grow wings," and so the hero, who again is none other than Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa himself, images himself as a kingly gander. The goose/gander in Indian folklore symbolizes intelligence (he/she can separate milk from water and will drink only the milk) and gracefulness (to liken the gait of a woman to the movements of a goose is a high compliment). The attribution of kingliness intimates autonomy and independence of thought. This kingly gander is distressed by the worsening conditions of the world in which he lives and feels depressed when he hears others lamenting. The decisive moment to leave comes when he sees some divine beings riding on cloud carriages through the sky and telling him that they are on their way to Mount Potala, the residence of Avalokiteśvara. They describe the place in glowing terms, using the device of a refrain to underscore each point. When asked where this wondrous place is located, they tell him that it lies somewhere where the mountains and the seas meet and that other marvelous places lie along the route.

Informing his companions of his intention to leave, again underscoring each reason for doing so by a refrain, on their request he gives them a parting instruction in which he again uses the device of a refrain, though sparingly.

Accompanied by an attendant, the kingly gander sets out on his quest. The journey is difficult because they are still too "earth-bound" and, as it is tacitly implied, have not yet learned to use their wings. Each time they encounter a wondrous sight, the attendant asks what this might be and the kingly gander answers

that this must be one of the places of which the gods had spoken. As they continue the traveling gets harder and harder and they have to cross frightful deserts. The attendant is on the point of giving up in despair, but encouraged by the kingly gander, who remains sustained by his vision, he perseveres. Finally the two travelers arrive at a lovely township, a rich trading center by the sea. At a nearby lake they meet the ascetic of whom the gods had spoken and who had seen face-to-face the lordly Avalokiteśvara in his form of Amoghapāśa, symbolizing the dynamics of psychic life. He thus serves as a link in the transition from the grosser realm of worldliness to the more ethereal world of psychic life. But the time to effect this transition has not yet come for the two travelers, and so in the meantime they study the *Amoghapāśatantra,* a work that by its nature, being a tantra, deals with inner experiences as they express themselves in symbols—in this case, Avalokiteśvara/ Amoghapāśa. Finally, an emissary arrives from the residence of Avalokiteśvara and offers to take them along when he returns. Now the whole tableau changes: they no longer walk, but fly, and whereas previously the kingly gander was the wise person who could answer the questions of his attendant, now the kingly gander asks the questions and the emissary answers.

The journey takes them across a landscape of deep oceans and islands with towering, ice-clad mountains, the world of the mythical nāgas, half serpent and half human, guardians of precious treasures, engulfed by glittering colored lights, to a brilliantly white mountain rising from an ocean whose color, too, is purest white. On top of this mountain there stands the richly decorated palatial mansion of the goddess Gaurī, the White One. Each of the travelers' stanzas of praise employs one of Daṇḍin's figures of speech, progressing from a natural description by the kingly gander and a simple simile by his attendant to an elaborate metaphor by their guide. Gaurī then grants them an audience and counsels them, grading her instructions in accordance with the intellectual capacity and acumen of each listener. Her instructions are themselves a journey into the deepest layers of psychic life and even

beyond its limits, into the ultimate unity of all life, a unity that expresses the possibilizing dynamics of Being, which is nothing and yet everything. At the end she subtly intimates that this awareness is not an end in itself, but must be expressed in an individual's life that, in order to become a life worth living, must first have passed, as the German dramatist Heinrich von Kleist (1777–1811) phrased it, "through an infinite."

The travelers resume their journey and move into a realm of vibrant colors and a brilliant light. From afar they espy towering white Mount Potala, its slopes shimmering with the brilliance and color of a sapphire. But before they are able to approach the palace of Avalokiteśvara, the guardian-lord of the world, on top of the mountain, they first have to enter a cave, where Avalokiteśvara appears before them in multiple guises corresponding to the limits of their intellectual grasp. These manifestations disappear whenever the ocean surrounding the cave enters it and appear again when the ocean recedes. Without stating it explicitly, Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa here expresses a deep psychological insight. When the cave of a person's psyche is submerged by the ocean of worldliness, the spiritual aspect of life becomes lost to sight, but it reinstates itself once the tumultuous waves of the ocean subside and become calm.

After each of the travellers has praised the various manifestations in a way that reflects his own understanding, in verses that employ a broad range of figures of speech—such as hyperbole, poetic fancy, and artful praise—they together climb up the mountain. The scenery that unfolds is for some a familiar landscape of snow-clad mountains, green meadows, sparkling rivers, wild animals, and birds. Others see this scenery with "fresh eyes" and in terms of subjective qualities, such as wide or narrow, bright or dark, but for the most part as beautiful and friendly. Still others see it as the outward projection of an inner transformation—it is their concrete existence in the form of a divine mansion in which the spiritual principle can "feel at home."

Finally they are presented to and stand before lordly Avalo-

kiteśvara, whom they praise in stanzas that illustrate Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa's thorough knowledge of Daṇḍin's rich repertoire of figures of speech and diction, which he adapts to the occasion and the worshipper's mood. The instructions they receive begin with an admonition to extricate oneself from the snares of worldliness and to lift oneself up into the limpid clarity of pure experience. In deeply moving images he then speaks of transitoriness, of parting, of the fleetingness of one's cherished notions and the emotional vagaries sponsored by them. He accentuates each point with the poetic device of the refrain ("Right away understand as a certainty"). From both a literary and psychological point of view it seems that Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa has come full circle. While in his letter to himself this refrain was an exhortation, here it is a confirmation.

The immediate effect of Avalokiteśvara's instruction is that the travelers come to see the whole of reality in the beingness of its being and are ready to deal with it in compassion. As the more "active" aspect of Being, compassion is complementary to the more "passive" aspect of Being, the deeply felt and appreciated experience of it as a continual flow of meanings that in their openness/nothingness make it possible for compassion to give them concrete forms.

In the concluding remarks Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa once again returns to the pain of being scorned and once again speaks of the wildwood as a solace.

In the translation of Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa's two poems I have tried to emulate his painting with words by placing his alliterative ornaments of diction and his refrains, as far as the English language permits, precisely where they occur in the original Tibetan.

A VISIONARY JOURNEY

THE STORY OF THE WILDWOOD DELIGHTS

Homage to the Teacher Supreme and the Three Jewels. [1]

Homage to the wondrous wildwood, never seen before,
The unique remedy to ease the pain of persons who have suffered a long time,
Whose edges [suggesting] the contours of the Buddha's gestalt, ablaze with the fresh flowers of inner calm,
Together with the cool moonlight of compassion, gladden your heart. [2]

This story about my resorting to the edges of the wildwood of inner calm
After my mind had been filled with grief in the city of saṃsāra,
I write as a message to my mind from my mind,
Duty-bound to strive for the way to life's meaning from the depth of its heart. [3]

Since, once you have left behind even the body you have so scrupulously pampered because
Your life is not lasting and quickly passes away,
You have to go alone to a place from which no news has ever been sent back.
Having seen this state of affairs, I go to the wildwood. [4]

Having witnessed this plague of dichotomic thinking,
The sole reason for the suffering in saṃsāra to intensify
When you have lost the way to self-emancipation in the welter of the world's enticements,

I go to live at the edge of the wildwood, the inner calm that is not something born. [5]

Having been racked by the virulent plague of worldliness,
With the turmoil of its cities full of fiery pits of passionate desires,
You ever and again [return to it and] traverse the narrow defiles of worldliness.
Having seen this state of affairs, I go to the wildwood. [6]

The sentient beings in their worldliness, tortured by their emotional vagaries,
Are one and all shackled by the fetter of the frightening subject-object dichotomy.
Since none of them has not once been your father or mother, it is for this reason,
In order to set living beings free, that I am intent on going to the wildwood. [7]

As far as you can see here and there in your external world
Everything is impermanent and can never be relied upon;
Having seen [all this] to be fickle like autumn clouds,
With all my heart I am intent on going to the wildwood of inner calm. [8]

With the setting of the sun of the noble days of old and
The rising of the moon of evil persons in this age,
The darkness of Māra's armies, scoundrels and villains, engulfs the directions of the world.
Having seen this state of affairs, I now go into the wildwood. [9]

Even with persons it is extremely difficult to [find someone] on whom to depend:
If he be a decent person he is not attracting [anyone] but if he be an evil person he perpetually attracts [others];
At the slightest provocation [such people] change their mood and

They are not going to be pleased with whatever you may do.
I now no longer wait to go into the wildwood. [10]

If you do not take hold of your mind with your own mind
Someone else is not likely to make the prow of the ship turn around;
In order to set my own mind on the straight course
I now no longer wait, but am intent on going into the wildwood. [11]

If you associate with unregenerate persons, the good and wholesome [in yourself] are going to diminish and
The bad and unwholesome are bound to come to the fore.
In order to preserve the good and wholesome exclusively,
I am intent on going at once into the wildwood. [12]

If nowadays you associate with people,
You may believe them for a moment to be your friends,
But in just another moment you cannot get along with them, as if they were your enemies.
Therefore I no longer wait to go into the wildwood. [13]

Alas! Nowadays the time is near at hand that even the teaching of the Buddha
Will vanish behind the western mountain peak.
When it has disappeared the lion's roar of the good teaching
Is not going to be heard any longer; therefore I am going into the wildwood. [14]

When someone explains something well nobody pays attention to it;
When someone explains something badly this goes against the true teaching.
"The Victorious One has declared that there is no other task [in life to perform]
Than to enjoy yourself"—this [hedonistic message people] will accept;

But if you explain the way to what really matters [in life],
you are reviled by everyone as if you were an enemy. [15]

If in this present age someone expatiates on something that in no way matters,
People may feel happy, but [this babble] becomes the cause for [their] going into evil existences;
I do not want to have anything to do with this.
Having seen this state of affairs, in order to effect sentient beings' realization of what they need,
I now no longer wait and wait, but go at once into the wildwood. [16]

Even if you are a person with a beautiful body bearing and [spreading] the wings of a triple schooling[1] and
Have plunged into the lotus lake of study and thought,
But have no money, you are during your life despised and cast aside by all.
Wealthy people indulging in villainous actions that have nothing to do with what really matters are honored like gods.
This is a time when people run after fools rather than after upright persons.
Having seen this to be the present state of affairs, I am going into the wildwood. [17]

Wherever you look, apart from busying themselves with concrete things,
People who [attempt to] realize the way leading to what really matters in life are as [rare as] a star in daytime;
Having seen this state of affairs, in order to realize life's true meaning
I now will wait no longer, but go into the wildwood. [18]

Whatever you think about involves you in the turmoil [of worldliness]; apart from that

People who take care of themselves in the light of what really
matters may be found once in a while;
If they conduct themselves in the light of what really matters,
they are despised and may even be killed.
Therefore, even more so, I am not waiting any longer to go
into the wildwood. [19]

Even if you practice introspection,
Not pausing either day or night, your life quickly passes away.
Having seen this state of affairs, that laziness always defeats
what is conducive to wholesomeness and
That the mind will not remain steady even for a moment, I
am now going into the wildwood. [20]

If you are going to be distracted by the eight worldly
preoccupations, such as
Feeling happy if you are praised and feeling unhappy if you
are humbled,
Even if you have conducted yourself in the light of what
really matters, you fall prey to this all your life
I now wait no longer, but go into the wildwood. [21]

Having seen that all the pleasures you have physically and
mentally enjoyed up to yesterday
Are like last night's dream, and
Even if sometimes they become an object of your reminis-
cences
They have no substance,[2] I am going into the wildwood. [22]

Even if you have tasted your desires thoroughly, you cannot
get enough.
However many blissful pleasures I have tasted
Since the time I was born until now,
Never have I been satiated; my mind clings to these desires.
Since I did not attain real bliss in this life because of the
desires I pursued,
If I go on desiring benefits in future existences

How will I attain nirvāṇa?
O my heart, while now you have had enough of giving in to your desires,
Right now pluck up your courage and, renouncing desires, go into the wildwood. [23]

In whichever way you may think about something, the benefit derived from it is disappointing;
In order to acquaint yourself with looking at your own mind,
From now on, my dear mind, go into the wildwood
To realize genuine bliss. [24]

"Since I have to go alone and leave everything behind
Once I have gone to bed for the last time, and
Since this time is not far away and is bound to arrive," [with this thought in mind]
I shall go into the wildwood right away. [25]

Since the present time is very much corrupt,
There is no benefit for others from what people like me have to say.
Making up my mind to benefit [others] in future aeons,
I now wait no longer but go into the wildwood to ponder this matter. [26]

My dear mind, dismiss this preoccupation [with your fictions] that are of no benefit to yourself or others
And right away,
In order to realize what is bound to be of benefit to you,
Go into the wildwood to ponder the meaning of pure experience.[3] [27]

When later on you get the chance to be of benefit to others,
Without thinking for a moment about your own interests
Reaffirm in your heart this positive resolution
To effect the realization of what others, running into many millions, need.

If now such an outlook has taken root in your heart,
Do not wait any longer, but go into the wildwood to ponder this matter. [28]

In order to make others who are less learned than myself listen, and
Above all to get a firm hold on the Buddha-teaching,
Consider your most important task [first] to listen to the explanation of what has been taught.
Thereby the Buddha's teaching broadens and
In your own mind your intelligence will grow.
Whatever you may think about is impermanent and has no substance.
Things and notions that are your constructions, however noble they may be, are bound to collapse.
Having seen this state of affairs, I go to seek mind's authenticity that is not deceptive,
The very core of [life's] dynamics that never crumbles. [29]

Although whatever the Buddha has discussed in many ways
Is valuable indeed, apart from relinquishing one's desires and
Composing oneself in inner calm
He has not said anything else. My dear mind,
Think about death and be intent on going into the wildwood. [30]

The wildwood has been praised by all the Victorious Ones,
They have made persons who have few desires and know when enough is enough
Live in the wildwood. [31]

At this time when your thoughts are unsteady,
The most important task is to make the mind turn within.
However, in the midst of multiple [distractions] it will rush after objects and,
Unable to stop for even a single moment,
It will run with its affective vagaries, even if it is well guarded.

Therefore, I am no longer waiting to go into the wildwood
to ponder this matter. [32]

Even if you intellectually understand what things are in themselves,
If they linger on as objects of inspection there is no benefit in such [understanding].
In order to acquaint your intellect with what intrinsically matters,
You cannot afford to wait but have to go into the wildwood. [33]

The wildwood has very little of the turmoil that comes with sensual distractions;
It is free from all the frustrations caused by fear and harm.
Right now hurry into the wildwood of inner calm
That is far superior to the joys of the heavenly cities. [34]

Well, my dear mind, listen to the charms of the wildwood:
Precious trees, ready to honor the Victorious Ones and
Heavy with fruits, grow splendidly in the wildwood,
[With] leaves and fragrant flowers that are wide open and
[Graced by] the sweet smell of incense and the balminess of a light breeze. [35]

Its waist, on which the drum-beat of waterfalls resounds melodiously and which is
Bathed in the cool light of the moon,
Is covered by a garment of thick clouds and
In them the crowd of stars adds to the encompassing beauty. [36]

Flocks of geese swim on sweet-smelling ponds and
Many birds and deer move happily about;
Among lotus flowers and wish-granting trees and water lilies,
Bees flit and hum their songs. [37]

Trees seem by their swaying [in the wind] to perform a dance, and by

Bending their branches with creepers as the tips of their fingers
To invite the guest, saying: "Please come." [38]

Cool and clear rivulets blanketed by lotus flowers
Seem to be the bright splendor of a smiling face. [39]

Wearing diadems of garden flowers and evergreens, and
Holding tightly to the azure sky as their garments,
The gods, resembling stars in the bright sky,
Seem to shower amorous attentions [on each other] in this pleasure grove. [40]

While the cuckoo sings its drunken, piercing song
The flowers seem to be buoyed up by the cool seasonal wind. [41]

While the cloud-elephants are trumpeting their joy
The coming of the rainy season seems to pour forth its abundant beneficence. [42]

Roots, leaves, and edible fruits
Are unpolluted in the wildwood and available in all four seasons. [43]

Since none is there to speak unpleasant words,
In the wildwood emotional outbursts decrease;
Since you are far removed from the turmoil of the cities,
In the wildwood steady thoughts of calmness grow. [44]

Being in harmony with life's true meaning, the mind becomes meek and
Comes close to the bliss of inner peace in the wildwood. [45]

In brief, the charms of the wildwood are unlimited;
Even if you were to talk for aeons, how could you ever exhaust [their abundance]? [46]

The realization of pellucidity and consummation by the Victorious Ones of the three times

Has come from their living in the wildwood,
Not from living in the cities, provinces, and [other places of] turmoil. [47]

When thus you keep before your mind's eye the charms of the wildwood and
Make seven steps in the direction of solitude,[4] [this act has greater merit] than
Having worshipped with all kinds of incense and flowers
All the Buddhas, as numerous as grains of sand in the Ganges, throughout the aeons,
As this does not come up to a fraction of [the merit of going into solitude].
Think about the sublime qualities of the wildwood
As they have been detailed in the *Candrapradīpasūtra.*[5] [48]

Once you have gone there, you will live near caves and rocks,
In areas rich in medicinal substances and flowers under trees, or
In thatched huts of grass and leaves.
Just keeping your body alive with the barest necessities,
Such as water, kindling, and fruits,
You will strive day and night for what is wholesome and good. [49]

There, just as leaves on the trees in the wildwood wilt,
So also beauty, youth, and your distinct capacities
Gradually change, and [in the end] there will be nothing to them;
This is called "one's assets coming to an end"—understand this as a certainty. [50]

There, just as the trees lose their leaves,
So also friends and enemies, as well as our body,
Although they have been together for a while, will have to separate;
This is called "separation"—understand this as a certainty. [51]

There, just as a lotus pond grows empty,
So also wealth and riches and the sundry sensual enticements
In the end are impermanent and changing and there will be nothing to them;
This is called "what has been amassed grows less and less"—understand this as a certainty. [52]

There, just as the phases of the moon in the sky change [all the time],
So also your body, similar to a full-blown flower in summer,
Will change and its youth will disappear;
This is called "the Lord of Death"—understand this as a certainty. [53]

There, just as fruits ripen and then fall to the ground,
So also old age, youth, and the prime of life
Are to end in death, but when it will come remains uncertain;
This is called "what has been born is going to die"—understand this as a certainty. [54]

There, just as reflections appear in a pond,
So all the [world's] sundry phenomena present the paradox of being nothing and yet have presence;
They are like phantoms, a mirage, the moon's reflection in water;
This is called "devoid of any reality"—understand this as a certainty. [55]

Having thus thoroughly understood the nature of all that is,
Straighten your body, feeling happy while sitting on a comfortable seat;
Pondering your move into pellucidity and consummation that is concerned with what sentient beings need,
Do not mull over the past and do not pin your hope on the future.
Do not trouble yourself with your present thoughts,

But immerse yourself and stay in the vibrant dimension that
is undisturbed by thematizing fluctuations. [56]

To compose yourself in what in its nothingness is yet a
radiance,
With no ego-centered thoughts intruding and divested of
conceptual-propositional adumbrations,
Bright and clear, unique and brilliant,
Is the superthought[6] of all the Victorious Ones throughout
the three times. [57]

Apart from letting mind's abidingness, the very nature of
Being's genuineness,[7]
Stay relaxed in its ease,
Do not think about anything concrete and dismiss your
deliberations;
That which cannot be reduced to representational thinking,
cannot be investigated by reason alone, and also is not an
object that can be conceptualized and expressed in propo-
sitions
Is precisely the superthought of all Buddhas. [58]

Therefore, in order to silence the jungle of divisive thoughts,
Look at mind's abidingness as it comes close to inner peace,
and
Afterward turn [this purified] intentionality [over into Being's
pellucidity and consummation];
In between, ponder impermanence and death in your mind. [59]

There are many shortcomings to what has been constructed
and has no substance;
Think about saṃsāra as also being of this nature.
Once you have thus deeply felt and understood that all the
sundry manifestations of an external world
Are similar to a dream or a phantasmic play,
Let everything go into the vibrant dimension of space,
Being's consistency with itself and everything else.[8] [60]

Do not engage in affirmation or negation; dismiss your ruminations;
By going about [your daily life] in this manner, you will be able to take everything in stride;
Pure experience that is not something that comes into existence and goes out of existence,
But is intrinsically genuine, will come to the fore. [61]

Even when at night you go to sleep,
Let the possibilizing dynamics of pure experience, which is not something that comes into existence [as some thing],
Prevail in its vibrant dimension that is dissociated from the conceptual-propositional limitations of the intellect. [62]

So again when you get up and the visible world has reasserted itself, over and again look at it
As being like a phantasmic play
That is insubstantial in itself. [63]

Anyhow, once you have seen the precious treasure of pure experience
To be such that nothing can be taken from or added to it, and
Once you have crossed the ocean of suffering of [your] worldliness,
The island that is an inner peace beyond any suffering, a permanent joy, with no conceptual and propositional limitations,
The status of a Buddha, exceeding all bounds, will have been attained.
But in the meantime look at the magic of the divisive thoughts in whichever way it manifests itself
As in substance a self-presencing with no subjective vested interests. [64]

Dichotomic thinking arises as the frolicking of Being's meaning-rich gestalt and so,

When you walk or sit or get up and the visible world
reasserts itself,
By saying, "I shall lead these living beings and
Be a guide, protector, and helping friend,"
Be intent on directing your mind to pellucidity and consummation;
Being mindful of acting decorously in all areas of your activities,
Do not think of anything other than what sentient beings need. [65]

This [way of thinking] is the giant tree of compassion,
The progenitor of the sprout of the omniscient Victorious One. [66]

It surpasses Śrāvakas and Pratyekabuddhas, and
[As] the glacier lake with its many and immeasurable qualities
From which rays of light of boundless higher-order compassion[9] spread [in all directions]
It is the wondrous birthplace of the jewel that is [your] "Buddha"-experience in its utter completeness.[10] [67]

What other miracle greater than this could there be?
Therefore intelligent people,
In order to realize the superb inner calm of their pellucidity and consummation,
Should go into the wildwood and be intent on pondering this matter. [68]

If here I do not realize the only thing that matters,
It may later be difficult to find the way to what really matters,
For how am I to know where I shall go after my death? [69]

Since at that time there is nothing you can do,
It is important right now to strive for what really matters. [70]

Who knows for sure whether he will die today or tomorrow?
There is no certainty [about anything whatsoever] and the Lord of Death is coming closer and closer.

I have absolutely no power to turn him back.
Quickly, quickly, let me go into the wildwood to ponder this. [71]

Whatever wealth you may have in material riches, friends, and relatives,
At the time of death they are of no benefit at all.
If you have found what really matters you will not be afraid when you are about to die.
Lest death come quickly here, I am going into the wildwood. [72]

Since the time is not far away and is bound to arrive
When oneself and others and everything else will be no more,
In order to realize what solely matters right now
You must be intent on going into the wildwood. [73]

Those who are conversant with an impeccable way of life, with profound learnedness,
With proper contemplation, with life in the wildwood, and
With what is good and wholesome will be without fear, and
At the time of their death will experience a feeling of intense joy. [74]

The cause for such joy is provided by a life in the wildwood;
Therefore, go into the wildwood for contemplation. [75]

Certainly, the time may well tomorrow come
When I shall be no more.
Who has the ability to predict this?
In the days following death there is no other protection than what really matters. [76]

What really matters is what can give you protection, where you can feel at home, and who is your helpful friend;
What really matters is the pointer to the stately mansion of a happy existence.

Therefore, my dear mind, being aware of death,
You will have to go into the wildwood for what really matters. [77]

If you hear this message sent by my mind to my mind,
My dear mind, you will know it [to deal with] what really matters.
These words, spoken for [your] benefit,
Have come from my heart. My dear mind, go into the wildwood. [78]

This Story of the Wildwood Delights
Has been told by the man from bSam-yas whose mind was set on emancipation through renunciation,
On the highest peak of the mountain "Easing the mind,"[11]
In order wholeheartedly to decide to go into the wildwood. [79]

By the good and wholesome that derives from this tale,
May all living beings turn their minds away from the city of saṃsāra and
In deep enjoyment of the edge of the wildwood of omniscient emancipation
Regain the overarching untrammeled freedom that is theirs. [80]

This Story of the Wildwood Delights has been composed by Ngag-gi dbang-po of bSam-yas, the learned master of poetry, on the highest peak of the mountain, at the time of his renunciation of his stay in saṃsāra.

THE STORY OF THE MOUNT POTALA DELIGHTS

Homage to noble Avalokiteśvara.[1] [1]

Gaurī, precious eye of the night,[2] henceforth guard the jasmine flower of my mind—
Since you are the goddess who dispels the darkness of unknowing from the hearts of the crowds of persons to be guided, so thronging as to fill the whole of space and who without exception have passed from generation to generation, by
The bearer of the hare,[3] enhanced in beauty by distinctive marks[4] on its shapely figure,[5] superbly white and gently smiling,
Wearing garlands of white rays of light,[6] its beneficent actions,[7] emblazoned with the likeness of a gazelle, the symbol of its omniscience.[8] [2]

Homage to him who is replete with ornaments that represent his abilities,[9]
The god of gods, the guardian-lord Avalokiteśvara,
From whose shapely figure with its gentle smile, seated in a proudly dignified pose, on a lovely red lotus flower,
Thousands of rays of light, white as a jasmine flower, burst forth. [3]

Let me praise the king among the eastern mountains, the residence of Avalokiteśvara,
Rising on an island in the ocean of life's profound meaning[10]—

The noble mountain, shining in the richly colored splendor
of the flower of poetic diction,
The place bestowing bliss by seeing, hearing, and thinking
about it. [4]

There, in the midst of rows of snow-clad mountains, on the shore of the slowly flowing Lohit river,[11] is situated the residence of him who has passed into the bliss that is naturally his.[12] This prosperous region so rich in all amenities, with its temple-college[13] that the great beings of yore had attended and with its townships that are encircled by garlands of massive trees and inhabited by many people, is called dPal-gyi bsam-yas.[14]

To the south of the World Mountain, hemmed in by a fence
of snow-clad mountains,
There stands a residence to which many great beings of
former times had come, with
Townships and colleges, full of people, and in which there
Resides the kingly guardian-lord—he who is naturally pow-
erful.[15] [5]

Further southward, though not too far away, in a locality covered with green grass and yellowish reeds, surrounded by green trees of various kinds, in a lovely spot where bees hum among flower patches and where in a most delightful pond, covered with a web of water lilies, flocks of mallards utter their melodious sounds and cranes stalk about happily, there also lived a kingly gander who was soaked in the waters of the oceans of moral conduct, rapturous awareness, and vast learning:[16]

The bird that lived in the pond of higher thought,
Whose graceful body was learnedness and whose wings were
efforts, and
Who had deeply drunk the nectar of wholesome existence,
Was a beautiful gander who in a subdued voice gave expres-
sion to his feeling and understanding.[17] [6]

At that time townships and temple-colleges were full of scoundrels who caused trouble for good and decent people. Even those who had entered the monastic order did not care for learning or discipline or rapturous awareness, but had plunged into the pond of sensuous and sensual delights. Similarly, householders had given up modesty and the established laws of the noble days of old. Witnessing this lack of reverence for the Three Jewels and for one's parents, the decent people were saddened. Some people lamented:

Alas! Today in this part of the world the sun of the noble
  days of old has set
And the moon of the present evil times has risen.
The red lotus of noble persons has closed
And simultaneously the jasmine of evil-doers has opened.
'Tis as if the darkness of the hordes of Māra had spread its
  cover. [7]

Poisonous snakes coil around precious trees;
The pond with the cool water of noble beings has dried up.
When the sun of the real teaching sets behind the peak of
  the Western Mountain,
Behold how even Śiva, the world's eye,[18] turns blind. [8]

Distinctly hearing this lament, the mind of the kingly gander was filled with sadness. It was at about this time that there came into the land of snow mountains some divine beings, riding in various cloud-carriages and playing on sweet-sounding cymbals. Rivers of perfumed showers of flowers fell. Seeing them on their journey to the east across the sky, the kingly gander exclaimed:

Hallo! You gods riding in carriages of clouds,
Scattering light rays of good conduct in the ten directions
  and
Sounding songs of praise with the thunder voice of cymbal
  music—
Where are you going? [9]

The gods said:

We go to the lovely Potala, the prince among the eastern mountains,
The palace of the spiritual immortal[19] Avalokiteśvara,
To make offerings to him with varied clouds of devotion and
To hear the thunder voice of his profound instruction. [10]

The kingly gander asked:

O princely lords! What are the charms and layout of that place?

The gods replied:

The lovely Potala, the residence of the noble one,
The great spiritual immortal's beautiful abode that fills one's heart with joy and
From which rays of light in clouds of worship spread into the ten directions—
Such is the residence of mighty Avalokiteśvara. [11]

The park where bees hover over flowers and
Where ponds with cool water are surrounded by dense forests of sandalwood trees that are
Crowded with multitudes of birds and antelopes—
Such is the residence of mighty Avalokiteśvara. [12]

With the sun rising over the peak of the eastern mountain king,
The splendor of the light of the world spreads into the ten directions and
Stays there as the glory of the dispersal of the darkness of unknowing—
Such is the residence of mighty Avalokiteśvara. [13]

An ever-widening light and the ever-present light of sun and moon,
The light of multitudinousness and the light of the precious ocean,

In rays of light, mixed and unmixed,[20] spreading in the ten directions—
Such is the residence of mighty Avalokiteśvara. [14]

From trees and waterfalls and the whole expanse of sky,
The sweet sound of the various meaningful tidings reverberates continuously,
A precious treasury of capabilities that words fail to express—
Such is the residence of mighty Avalokiteśvara. [15]

For those who live in this ocean of worldliness where can there be release?
He who seriously wants to go to the grove of calmness
Should proceed to the Potala Mountain in the east, the abode of the master of the world,
And meditate where Avalokiteśvara, the guardian-lord, dwells. [16]

The kingly gander then asked:

Where lies the way to this place?

The gods answered:

To the east of this land of snow-clad mountains
There is a park where flowers are in full bloom;
Its name is 'Od-zer sprin ("Cloud of Rays of Light").
In its center there stands the son of the Victorious One's palace
Called Gangs-ri rin-chen ldan ("Bejeweled Snow-clad Mountain").[21] [17]

Nearby to the east
A clear river descends.
Beyond it at the shore of an ocean
Where many people live
Is the city Tshangs-pa'i 'byung-gnas ("Brahma's Mine"). [18]

There you should ask an ascetic
For the way to the king of the eastern mountains. [19]

With these words the gods went eastward and passed from sight.

The moral conduct of those who delight in spiritual qualities
Is built up by their reliance on decent people;
Just as a lotus lake in the hot season fills with water when a rain of nectar falls,
So the kingly gander was filled with intense joy. [20]

At this time there arose in the kingly gander the desire to go away, and so he mused:

Although this pond has many flowers and fruits
And although there are congenial friends, the wild geese,
I feel sad because of the sundry unfortunate events taking place in this land.
Having heard about the charms of the wildwood, I wish to leave. [21]

When he said so, the mallards inquired:

Beauty-wing![22] Where will you go, forsaking us
And this pond of cool water,
Where flocks of birds are singing on the lotus lake and
Bees are intoxicated by fresh-grown saffron in the thicket? [22]

The kingly gander replied:

In the eastern part of Rose-apple Island, the heart of the world,
There rises the richly adorned Mount Potala,
Encircled by garlands of flowering medicinal trees—
I go to meditate where mighty Avalokiteśvara dwells. [23]

Since there is never happiness in saṃsāra, the island of poisonous snakes,

Away from the city endangered by hundreds of ill-considered
actions and emotional outbursts[23]
I go to yonder precious island of calmness, the abode of
release—
I go to meditate where mighty Avalokiteśvara dwells. [24]

Since I have nothing hoarded by avarice, envy, and greed,
I have none of the wealth in which all others rejoice,
But I possess the noble wealth of contentment—
I go to meditate where mighty Avalokiteśvara dwells. [25]

Having seen that friends and enemies as well as my body
Are going to separate, though they have been together for
some time, and so
Are impermanent and have no essence—
I go to meditate where mighty Avalokiteśvara dwells. [26]

With the sun rising over the edge of the snow-clad mountain
of compassion,
Its cool stream of wondrous vitalizing energy begins to flow,
Quenching the fire of desire in the minds of beings—
I go to meditate where mighty Avalokiteśvara dwells. [27]

The flock of birds expressed their grief over his words and, honoring the kingly gander with flowers and other suitable offerings, they sat down near his feet and begged him: "O Beautywing! Regale us with the superb banquet of nectar of the true teaching." The kingly gander declared:

Friends! Life is deceptive like autumn clouds.
What has been accumulated will diminish, and what has
come together must part again.
Wealth decreases, is impermanent, and has no essence.
Living beings, caught in the four border situations of life,[24]
Should at once understand this as a certainty. [28]

The river of ill-considered actions and emotional outbursts is
difficult to turn around, and

The powerful waves of misery are hard to withstand.
Alas! At once make an effort to cross the ocean of saṃsāra,
In which release is difficult to find. [29]

Unregenerate persons resemble a nest of poisonous snakes, and
Objects of sensual pleasures leave a bitter taste like salt water;
In brief, the sundry evils of saṃsāra
You should at once understand as a certainty. [30]

From this day onward let me attentively think of the virtues of calmness and
In a solitary place, having raised my mind to higher levels,
Straighten my body on a comfortable seat and with a sense of well-being
Immerse the mind's abidingness, the very nature of Being's genuineness,
In the vibrant dimension that is naturally dissociated from conceptual-propositional proliferations.[25] [31]

Thereafter I shall with a threefold intentional purity[26] return what I have won through this experience to its source, and thus
The Buddha-lotus with its thousand-petaled nothingness and its vibrations of compassion[27]
Will certainly quickly grow. [32]

When with these words he departed from the pond, a huge flock of mallards accompanied him to a slope that was clad in green trees yielding various kinds of medicine, from which one could see the circle of snow mountains in the east. Bidding him farewell, full of devotion to him, they lamented:

Alas, friends! What is impermanent must fall apart—
The fact that we, too, have to part from each other
Has become obvious to us today. [33]

The time has come for the kingly gander to venture to some other region;
Like a lotus pond without a lotus flower
We feel sad today about being parted from our master.
Once we humble beings here have bid farewell to you
It will be very difficult to see your face again. [34]

With these words the mallards dejectedly returned to their pond.

Though having been together since long ago, to separate from one another
Is the way of saṃsāra, and nothing can be done about it.
This is the time for living beings to go to the grove of calmness,
The precious island of bliss supreme from which one cannot be separated. [35]

Then the kingly gander and his attendant, Handsome, traveled eastward. In an azure park brilliant like a jewel's luster, near a very white mountain shining like the rising moon, they saw, further eastward, a white river slowly flowing downhill. Handsome asked:

O look! In this lovely wood, brilliant like a peacock's neck,
A superlatively white mountain
Is vying with a shining river—
What kind of beautiful sight is this? [36]

The kingly gander replied:

In this beautiful wildwood with its rays of light
Where a clear river sparklingly descends,
I think this might be Bejeweled Snow-clad Mountain,
The magnificent palace of the guardian-lord of the world. [37]

So they went on and came to another wildwood that was bathed in rays of light, where lovely green trees of various kinds were clinging to each other, cool streams of water rushed noisily

from many springs, the glades glittered with the color of a sapphire, and around a pond covered with a net of blue lotus flowers and teeming with all kinds of flowers, many birds and deer were darting around and bees were flitting to and fro. Handsome said:

This park, meant for those who delight in the solitude provided by the vicinity of the wood of calmness and
Who there practice meditation,
Abounds in caves and rocks and ponds with cool water and
Is covered by medicinal trees that have many flowers and fruits. [38]

The rushing waterfalls resound loudly and
Many flocks of lovely birds fly about happily;
Bees are humming sweetly and
The cool seasonal wind makes the flowers shine brightly. [39]

Even the masses of clouds, scurrying in haughty beauty,
Perform a dance with their garlands of lightnings of trust and
Shoot forth the thunder of songs of praise,
Letting fall the refreshing rain of worship. [40]

Such a place as this wildwood with its rays of light
Is attended by many gods and spiritual immortals.
Look how the rays of light, in various patterns, disperse
From the park of him who by nature is the guardian-lord of the world. [41]

The kingly gander declared:

While the trees on the vast mountain slope seem to dance with joy, and
While blossoms of countless medicinal trees seem to smile with utter radiance, and
While flocks of birds in the thicket of creepers seem to sing songs of praise, and

While the young, maiden-like clear streams carry garlands of
foam bubbles; [42]

While bees hover close to the ears and trembling lips [of
young maidens in the guise of trees] smeared with cool
sandalwood paste, [these trees/maidens]
Who wear clusters of fruit like jewel necklaces hanging down
to their belts and who
Have donned fresh leaves as bodices, with playful hand-
gestures of their branches and
Waving their flower-garland fans, seem to welcome us now. [43]

The clear cry of the intoxicated cuckoos seems to be the
plucking of the many-stringed instruments of heavenly
musicians;
The water-dwellers[28] [like] smiling, young maidens seem to
pirouette in harmony with the sound of the bee-flutes;
Clear rivulets covered with lotus flowers seem to be bright
mirrors, and
The green and lush woodlands seem to perform a dance with
the tender branches of their trees. [44]

Having conversed in this manner they went further ahead. On a slope of Bejeweled Snow-clad Mountain, brilliant with the luster of the moonstone, they saw the tangibly present[29] figure of the guardian-lord of the world, circumambulated by densely growing sandalwood trees, and clear rivers flowing into the eastern ocean. Handsome asked:

The smiling figure in this lovely grove amidst snow-clad
mountains
Spreads a net of white and brilliant light into the ten
directions,
Like the moon amidst white autumn clouds—
Whose figure has such beauty? [45]

The kingly gander answered:

I think this spontaneously present figure near the snow-clad
mountain,
Wreathed in a beautiful smile and spreading thousands of
rays of light,
Is the compassionate, mighty Avalokiteśvara, the descendant
of the Victorious One,
Who has come here for the sake of living beings. [46]

With these words they drew closer, and having greeted and worshipped him with diverse flowers and sweet-smelling incense, the kingly gander uttered this verse of praise:

This figure of calmness, wreathed in a beautiful smile, on a
snow-clad mountain's crest,
Imperturbable, silent, and unagitated,
Remaining immersed in the vibrant dimension of Being's
possibilizing dynamics—
Homage to Avalokiteśvara, the guardian-lord. [47]

Handsome praised him thus:

This figure of beauty, on a snow-clad mountain lotus,
From whose right hand, as lustrous as the jasmine-like white
moon,
Descends a stream of milk, quenching the thirst and hunger
of tormented spirits—
Homage to Avalokiteśvara, the lordly dignitary. [48]

With these words of praise they left the park and traveled further eastward. When they had journeyed several days through many vast deserts along an ocean, where it appeared that early in the morning the orb of the sun rose from the sea and late in the afternoon sank down under the earth, and where the directions of the compass were adorned with garments of fleeting mirages and cities of heavenly musicians, they at last arrived at a frightful desert, difficult to cross and exhausting the strength of wanderers. Handsome dejectedly looked up at the sky and lamented:

The directions of the compass are dancing around in trembling mirages;
The sun rising from the ocean sinks under the earth;
Even the cities of the heavenly musicians eventually chase one another.
Save us from this desert, Avalokiteśvara. [49]

After Handsome said this, the kingly gander retorted:

Ah Handsome! Although you may despair at this relative hardship of having to walk on and on, it is nothing much. Let's go on a bit further!

And he continued:

Why can you not put up with this when you put up
With the city of delusions creating mirages of misery,
The desert of this world so difficult to cross,
The colorful site of the sun of ill-considered actions and the moon of emotional outbursts. [50]

If some people on the sea, just for making a living,
Will put up with many hundreds of troubles,
Why will you not put up with this insignificant suffering,
A little bit fatigue, for the sake of the precious teaching? [51]

If previously you have put up with suffering for no good reason whatsoever
In places like the Avīci hell,
You should gladly put up with this insignificant suffering
That becomes the cause of self-fulfillment and other-enrichment. [52]

Rather, through the power of the vitalizing force of the four truths and
The force of merit previously acquired by my devotion,
Let us get a vision of the lovely and delightful place
Adorned by lakes and ponds. [53]

Immediately after this admonition they walked on for half a month through a frightful desert that could only be crossed early in the mornings.

The power of a resolute person surpasses all thought;
The power of merit from devotion surpasses all thought;
The virtue of relying on superior persons surpasses all thought;
The fruition of good and evil surpasses all thought. [54]

While they journeyed onward they saw in the eastern region in the center of a lovely locality, surrounded by a hedge of all kinds of trees, a township with many temple-colleges that were partly bathed in a bright light. Handsome asked:

This township with its temple-colleges,
Encircled by a hedge of creepers,
Seems to gaze about with a half-smile—
What kind of beauty is this? [55]

The kingly gander replied:

This lofty, lovely, beautiful temple-college
In the center of a township surrounded by garlands of trees
May, I would think, be the city Brahma's Mine,
Bedecked with streamers of jewels and net-like ornaments of gold. [56]

Thus conversing, they finally arrived at the outskirts and saw a moat encircled by sandalwood trees, brimming with water and covered with all kinds of flowers, in which flocks of water fowl were playfully swimming. Handsome exclaimed:

Flowers, [like] smiling young maidens
With lovely birds [as their pets],
Are spread out in youthful freshness over the pond—
Is this the lotus pond of the gods? [57]

The kingly gander replied:

The rippling waves of this moat
Seem to rival the wish-granting trees
With their profuse foliage, the strings of bubbles
That mirror the creepers. [58]

With these words they went into the town. The township's quarters and temple-colleges, filled with crowds of people, were because of their vicinity to the shore of the ocean [very pleasant], such that in winter the rays of the sun were not too hot and the rays of the moon mingled with the luster of water were very cool like a copse of white sandalwood trees. In summer as well as in the hot season and in autumn the rays of the moon were not too cool but the rays of the sun were scorchingly hot as if by having fallen into the ocean they had stayed too close to the mass of blazing fire-spouting stones. Usually from the necklace [-like] fog and the cresting waves [of the ocean] fine water drops came like drizzling rain. The layout of the township was beautiful, with its screens as a protection against the noisily humming bees and with its summer cottages, curtains, half-canopies, curtained windows, bamboo cottages, and the like. In the bazaars and at the crossroads the attractive shops, into which people crowded, were well stocked with jewelry, medicines, food, riding equipment, drinks, and clothing. The kingly gander and Handsome saw multitudes of travelers that had come from different countries and regions leisurely moving about in the streets and junctions, as well as many mendicants studying and practicing meditation in the temple-colleges. Handsome remarked:

Rich in what the hearts of our lovely friends desire,
A multitude of people from all regions comes here to pay respect,
And the temple-colleges from which clouds of worship come forth
Are thronged with meditators. [59]

And on they went. East of this township there was a lovely lake, called Me-tog brgyan-pa ("Flower-ornamented"). In its cen-

ter, surrounded by a hedge consisting of all kinds of trees such as white sandalwood trees and others, they came to a pond covered with a net of various flowers such as white and red lotuses and jasmine flowers, on which herons and mallards were calling. The kingly gander said:

On this lake sweetly smiling with a net of flowers
The birds are chanting happily,
As if they had been transferred to the lake of the lovely gods of the realm of desires.
Let us rest in this place of calmness. [60]

With these words they plunged into the lake with its net of creepers, and the many kinds of birds residing there in great delight welcomed them and said by way of praise:

You were not born here on this lake with lotus flowers,
Nor did the brilliant rays of our sun cause your faces to unfold,
Yet your countenances shine with the splendor of lotus flowers;
Whence did you come, beautiful birds? [61]

The kingly gander answered:

From a lovely place whose virtues are immeasurable,
Like the great lake from which Padmasambhava, abounding in splendor, hailed, and
That is well-surrounded by peaks of snow-clad mountains,
We have come to this place of calmness. [62]

The other birds said: "O beautiful ones! What are the virtues of that region?" The kingly gander replied:

That land of snow-clad mountains is the [residential] park of the Exalted One;
Its lovely townships and temple-colleges
Are filled to capacity with crowds of learned people and
The sunlight of the Teaching spreads far and wide. [63]

Then he added the question:

To the mountain where the lord of the world resides,
Where and how long is the way,
Festooned with lovely flowers?
Show it clearly to us today. [64]

The birds said: "We do not really know the way. However, in the temple-college here there lives a very learned monk who is the teacher of many people. Ask him and he will become your instructor." With words of thanks the kingly gander and his companion, Handsome, went to the temple-college and approached the monk, who was well-versed in the three disciplines and rich with the jewels found in the ocean of learnedness and who had had a vision of exalted Amoghapāśa's face.[30] They bowed to his feet and with full devotion greeted him, saying:

Please show us the way to the residence of
The compassionate son of the Victorious One,
Who by cutting the fetters by which they were bound
Leads living beings to pellucidity and consummation.[31] [65]

The monk asked them: "Whence did you come?" The wild geese answered: "From the [land of] snow-clad mountains." The monk continued:

"O you handsome persons! For people who are fortunate enough, the way lies to the east. You may recognize it when it is written down in detail, but it is difficult to travel. However, you are extremely lucky. Every twelve years the exalted lord of the world comes to the jasmine-abundant oasis at the shore of the eastern ocean to propound the Teaching to the nāgas. Ten years already have gone by; it will not be very long and you can certainly meet him."

"We do not intend to wait so long. Please show us some other way."

"Wait here for half a month. Then a wild gander will

come here from the region of the Potala to listen to my teaching. You may go back with him."

"That suits us."

So for half a month, during the days they performed the ritual of the Amoghapāśa mantra and studied the profundities of the *Amoghapāśatantra* and other works expounded by the learned monk, and by night they slept on the flower-bedecked lake.

Having mistaken the ripples of the river "Engaging Learnedness"
Near the snow-clad mountain "Most Sublime"
For a real lotus pond,
The mallards seemed to drink the honey "Profound Meaning." [66]

There came on the fifteenth day of the half-month from the eastern direction of the dust-free sky a prince of wild geese, carrying plenty of flowers and fruits, with which he worshipped the temple-college and the monk explaining the teaching, whom he praised:

Through the bright sky a Buddha-son [in the guise of a] fair bird,
Flapping the wings of appropriate action and appreciative acumen,[32]
Has come, singing melodious songs of praise, to
Show his reverence with flowers and fruits. [67]

At that time the monk was explaining, among other things, the profound teaching of the *Ārya-Vimalacandrasūtra.*[33] He said:

O birds! You have come from the land of lovely snow-clad mountains
On wide wings of trust and eagerness,[34]
In order to proceed with joy to the lord Avalokiteśvara.
Make him your guide, handsome ones. [68]

The prince replied: "I'll do so," and then going to the shore of lake Me-tog brgyan he said:

You birds have come from the lotus lake [in the land of] snow-clad mountains,
Impelled by the power of wholesome merit of brightest white,
Flapping the wings of your bodies trembling [with eagerness]—
Come here and let us go to the lord of the world. [69]

Thus encouraged, the kingly gander was filled with intense joy and said:

So be it! O beautiful bird in the bright sky,
If a snow-clad mountain adorned with lovely distinctive marks[35]
Could rise into the sky, it would be like you—
Together let us behold Mount Potala. [70]

With flowers and other articles of worship they venerated and honored the monk who explained the teaching, and then, taking the gander from the Potala as guide, together with their retinue they set out toward the east.

Together with them, five hundred wild geese that lived
On the lovely lake Flower-ornamented,
Flapped their wings to take them into the bright sky
And made efforts to hurry to the king of the eastern mountain. [71]

Thus the flock of wild geese flew away.

After some days, they saw a mansion of azure blue like the clear sky, a veritable sapphire jewel [rising] from the eastern ocean and standing in a dense, light-blue thicket of sandalwood trees, the delight of snakes, at a lovely lake covered with a net of water lilies and studded with islets of various precious jewels dusted with beryl powder. The kingly gander asked:

Ah! This loftly temple-college built of jewels, beautiful in its
luster,
Apart from resembling densely growing light-blue lotus
flowers,
A park covered with saffron garlands,
Shining from afar—what is it? [72]

The guide said: "This is the palace Me-tog zum-pa-can ("Smiling Flowers") of the prince of the nāgas Nor-rgyas (Vasuki). It is filled with all kinds of precious stones." Handsome said: "O handsome one! Can we reach this place today?" The guide replied: "It is still quite far."

They flew on for several days and then spotted a very white mountain, a [veritable] king among snow-clad mountains, glittering like the light of the moon. The kingly gander asked:

Ah! This beautiful mountain in the realm of crocodiles and
other sea-monsters,
As if the World Mountain, gleaming [like] moonstone,
Had been covered by a net of sunlight,
Shining from afar—what is it? [73]

The guide answered: "This is the palace sPrin-gyi snying-po ("Cloud Essence") of the prince of the nāgas Padma. There are many 'cluster of light' jewels[36] and other precious stones of white color in it."

After traveling onward for some days, they saw a very red mountain that sometimes appeared as if it were sinking into the ocean when washed by waves. The kingly gander asked:

Ah! This beautiful mountain in the deep ocean,
Resembling the color of a ruby and
Playing a game with the swirling waters of ebb and flood—
What is this beautiful sight? [74]

The guide answered: "This is the palace 'Od-kyi drva-ba ("Light Net") of the prince of the nāgas mTha'-yas (Ananta). It has many rooms and coral treasures."

Proceeding for some days they saw a very yellow mountain, resembling fresh saffron in color. The kingly gander asked:

Ah! This golden mountain, beautiful with nets of light,
Wearing a dress of the blue ocean's waves
As if it had a bodice of sapphire—
What beautiful sight is this? [75]

The guide answered: "This is the palace gSer-gyi drva-ba-can ("Gold-garlanded") of the prince of the nāgas Mahāpadma. It has many blue gems and clear water."

When they had traveled further for a couple of days, they saw a mountain that looked greenish-blue like a full-blown blue lotus in the hot season in a park of sundry sandalwood trees, with islets of various jewels and dusted with beryl powder. The kingly gander asked:

Ah! This beautiful mountain, [colorful] like a peacock's neck,
Spreading brilliant rays of green light,
Seems to rival a thicket of sandalwood trees—
Being far away, what is it? [76]

The guide answered: "This is the palace Rin-chen snying-po ("Jewel Essence") of the prince of the nāgas rGya-mtsho (Sagara). It has many jewels [called] net of light and lotus marrow." After they had traveled for another few days, they saw a mountain of various jewels, beautiful in nets of light, nestling in a blue copse of various white sandalwood trees, interspersed with islets dusted with gold grains, so that even the ocean's color turned to a brilliant green. The kingly gander asked:

Ah! In a translucent ocean, this mountain Rin-chen snying-po,
Surrounded by garlands of sandalwood trees,
Spreading rays of light of brilliant blue in the ten directions—
What is this beauty on an island of jewels? [77]

The guide answered: "This is the palace 'Od-kyi snying-po ("Light Essence") of the prince of the nāgas gTsug-na rin-chen

(Cūḍāmani). It is filled with all kinds of gems that exist in the human world, especially large blue gems, beryl, 'lotus nets,' the light of sun and moon, camphor, glass, and wish-fulfilling trees that grant whatever one may conceive."

Thus the flock of wild geese traveled beyond many thousands of thousands of jewel mountains, islands, and oceans, one after the other. During the three months of the summer season they traveled each day in the clear sky, while at night they stayed on jewel, lotus, and gem islands on lakes. All the while thinking of the lord of the world, they were eager to hurry eastward.

Look! Even the thousand-rayed one[37] spreads its rays
When during the day it mistakes the beautiful birds in the bright sky,
Uttering the melodious cry of geese,
For an island of lotus flowers; [78]

During the night the bearer of the hare,[38] surrounded by the crowd of stars,
Mistakes an islet in the lake adorned by the geese
For a patch of sweet-scented jasmine [and]
Spreads a net of cool rays of light. [79]

In the east far beyond these islands, at about the time when islands, densely forested with all kinds of verdurous sandalwood trees, seemed to be green and lush, they saw a beautiful mountain, white like the rising moon, the top of which was adorned by a precious mansion and around which even the color of the ocean was a dazzling white like a cone of light. The kingly gander asked:

This snow-clad mountain from which precious light bursts forth and that
Seems to be covered with a jewel net of terraced mansions,
What kind of striking beauty is this—
This dense sandalwood thicket in an ocean of milk? [80]

The guide answered: "This is the palace rGya-mtsho'i sprin

("Ocean-cloud") of the noble Gaurī. Gods, spiritual immortals, and wise men frequent it."

When they approached this island, [it seemed to them as if] among the precious trees, weighted down by the many hundreds of thousands of jewel garlands hanging from their branches, crowds of gods and spiritual immortals were strolling about, and from the lotus ponds the melodious humming of the bees and the sweet fragrance of perfume came slowly floating. The kingly gander exclaimed:

Look! In this wildwood of many precious trees,
Thronged by numerous gods and spiritual immortals,
Stirred by the cool fragrance of a seasonal breeze,
A rain of flowers is gently falling. [81]

Handsome declared:

In this mansion of lotus clouds from which light bursts forth,
The honey-bearers[39] humming their songs
And young maidens smiling in the bright sunlight
Seem to perform a dance by challenging each other. [82]

Walking along through these wildwoods they finally saw a storeyed pavilion on the crest of a many-jewelled mountain, white like a bodice of glaciers. The guide said:

Come hither, friends, and let us draw closer, full of joy,
To Gaurī's precious lotus mansion
Atop the mountain, adorned with the quintessence of sundry
precious stones,
Seemingly clutching at its bodice with its dallying clouds. [83]

With these words they climbed up to the top of the mountain. At the door of noble Gaurī's palace, Nor-bu 'od-zer sprin ("Cloud of Jewel Rays of Light"), they saw and heard many nāga girls singing while spinning costly wool. The guide said to them: "Hallo, young girls! Wild geese have come from the human world and are here to see the noble lady and to listen to her

teaching." One of the girls went to report to the noble lady. The latter acknowledged the report and told the girl to intimate to the wild geese to come inside. On entering the palace they saw the noble lady from whose body a superbly white smile radiated, ablaze with its distinctive marks, bedecked with silken and other precious ornaments, attended by kinnaras, nāgas and asuras and surrounded by a large number of girls playing guitars. The visitors greeted her respectfully and offered their worship with flowers and other articles of worship.

The kingly gander praised her with these words:

Goddess! Thoroughly imperturbable, dissociated from all conceptual-propositional proliferations,[40]
Calm since the very beginning and naturally nirvanic,
Unfathomable by representational thinking and hence inexpressible in words, Gaurī—
Homage to you, consort of the Victorious One, embodiment of Being's meaning.[41] [84]

Handsome said:

Like a restful rain cloud on the slopes of a snow-clad mountain,
Goddess of compassion, so lovely and so august,
Homage to you, Gaurī, whose body is enhanced in beauty by its precious and distinctive marks and
Whose deeds are freed from the darkness of dull-wittedness.

The guide praised her with these words: [85]

Homage to you who possess the pristine awareness that expresses your omniscience,[42]
Extinguishing the fires of the emotions that plague the minds of living beings
By a continuous waterfall of wondrous vitalizing power
From the pool of cooling compassion and calmness. [86]

With these words they sat down at her feet, and the exalted Gaurī instructed them according to each one's comprehension:

All things are impermanent and in themselves lack any essence;
Hollow, empty, phantasm-like,
Similar to an overblown bubble, like the porous stem of a weed;
Nothing in themselves yet making their presence felt in various ways,
Devoid of any substance, a mere reflection—
At once understand this to be a certainty. [87]

"I will lead into the grove of calmness
The crowd of beings that in their errancy are like a dream or some enchantment"—[with this intention]
Take a firm hold of your mind suffused with and yet to be directed to pellucidity and consummation,
Having been moistened by the water of compassion that in itself is loving-kindness.[43] [88]

The in-depth appraisals of Being-in-its-beingness, Being in its creative dynamics as a causal momentum, and Being as a world-encompassing horizon of meaning[44]
Are the domain of those who envision Being's unfolding capacities.[45]
The initial vibrant dimension of Being's actuality, without objective concretizations and their corresponding acts of subjective mentation,
Is pure experience, the king, neither stepping out of itself nor changing into something other than itself throughout the three times.[46] [89]

Let Being's possibilizing dynamics, dissociated from any such notions as being one or many—
Be its dynamics, impeceptible as some thing and dissociated from the domain of representational thought.

Whatever one commonly sees is, as such, the friend of
Being's genuineness:
The wise should understand it to be like fire and wood. [90]

In all the concrete situations of happiness and sorrow and
what lies between them,
The various ill-considered actions as well as the very aspiration for pellucidity and consummation
Are friends of Being's possibilizing dynamics; by three aids[47]
Saṃsāra itself is turned into the way of emancipation. [91]

By having extracted the elixir of the vitalizing energy in all
and everything,
The lotus flower of the "Buddha"-experience[48] is quickly
made to grow. [92]

Hardly had the goddess spoken thus when the flock of wild geese realized the rapturous awareness of the in-depth appraisal "stream of meanings."

The meeting of upright persons
Becomes the foundation of all virtues, however multifarious
they may be.
Once one has gained control over the treasure of life's
meaning—spiritual sustenance and self-reliance,[49]
One has the best means to reach the other shore of the
ocean of frustration. [93]

After their audience with the noble Gaurī the flock of wild geese greeted her many times with folded hands, circumambulated her clockwise, worshipped her with flowers and other articles, and departed. They traveled from this island eastward for about half a month and there, where even the color of the water changed in accordance with the coloring of the soil consisting of sundry and special jewels from the ocean, in the center of hundreds of thousands of precious trees shining in many colors, they saw a god's palace, embellished with garlands of light, in a dense and

dark-blue park on the slope of a wondrous mountain shining with brilliantly white light.

The kingly gander asked:

Ah! This beautiful mountain within a precious ocean,
Whose white-shining peak is ornamented by a palace of light and
Whose slopes are blue-green like a sapphire—
What lovely sight is this? [94]

The guide folded his hands and answered:

This is the Potala, the residence of mighty Avalokiteśvara,
A huge palace adorned by flowers.
Let us bow to it with joyfully devoted minds
And greet it with the flapping of wings of trust. [95]

Hardly had he said so when each of the birds with folded hands offered this prayer:

Our greeting to the guardian-lord of the world,
With our wings of intense trust resembling folded hands,
Should resemble [maiden-like] lotus flowers pirouetting in harmony with the sound of the bee-flutes, and
Performing a dance fanned by the breeze. [96]

Finally coming closer to the mountain they saw a cave, where the mountain met the ocean, washed by the ocean's waves. The kingly gander asked:

Look! Oh look! The ocean, stirred by waves that roar and roar, with
Densely packed garlands of bubbles that come closer and closer,
Is eager to enter this rocky cave again and again.
Who is living in this place? [97]

The guide said: "This is the cave of the guardian-lord of the world, who has existed by himself since time without beginning.

The noble mighty Avalokiteśvara who lives here in his many natural forms wants us to pay homage to him according to our trust in him." So they went into the roomy and delightful cave, and on its walls they saw his shape in images that corresponded to each beholder's understanding. These images became visible when the waves of the ocean receded and disappeared when they returned. One of the visitors said:

When on the rock-wall of this precious, roomy cave
The image of the self-existent guardian-lord of the world
appears,
Even the water of the ocean pays homage in devotion and
Seems to be offering an ablution with a gracefully moving
body. [98]

Another one said:

When in the cave of the guardian-lord of the world on the
precious eastern mountain
The image of the self-existent Victorious One appears,
Unable to bear the tremors of the power of devotion
Even the residence of the nāgas seems to shake. [99]

When thus speaking they made their offerings of flowers and other articles of worship and bowed with folded hands, one of them saw the noble mighty Avalokiteśvara as having eleven heads and a thousand arms and praised him with these words:

The beautiful figure[50] seated on a lotus, like a lotus,
With a thousand hands, [like] a thousand petals [of a lotus
flower], so beautiful—
Homage to the light of the flawless moon,
The eleven-headed guardian-lord with a thousand eyes. [100]

Another saw him as having four arms and praised him with these words:

Homage to the guardian-lord Avalokiteśvara,
From whose beautiful figure, resembling a lovely snow-clad mountain,
With one face and four arms, replete with precious ornaments,
The cool light of compassion and calmness bursts forth. [101]

Still another saw him as having two hands and praised him with these words:

This smiling figure with one face and two hands,
Because of his endeavors never sitting down but always standing,
Whose character is compassion and who sends forth thousands of rays of light of prosperity and happiness—
Homage to the noble dignitary Avalokiteśvara. [102]

Finally they climbed higher and went into Rin-chen sprin ("Precious Cloud"), the park of the guardian-lord of the world. According to their inner dispositions it outwardly presented different views. To those who had ordinary sight the park seemed to be a place overgrown with sandalwood trees, abounding in clear streams that, full of lotuses and water lilies, rushed forth from many fountains, and where bees flitted among beds of flowers and a multitude of birds and deer happily wandered about.

At the shoreline washed by the water of the ocean, on a peak shining with crests of snow-clad mountains, there stood a temple-college, painted in various colors and beautiful with its turquoise pinnacles. It rose from the ocean three hundred and fifty miles in circumference and three hundred miles in height. The visitors exclaimed:

On lovely Potala, the residence of the noble one,
Its peak covered with a net of glaciers,
There stands a lovely storeyed palace, beautiful with its jewelled pinnacles. [103]

Ah! The mountain slopes are densely overgrown with fragrant
trees and
The lakes, ponds, and pools are crowded with mallards;
The waves of the ocean caressing the shoreline
Seem to measure its size—
So beautiful in the tremulous rays of light. [104]

Those gifted with divine sight saw the Potala, king of mountains, according to their devotion, as either big or small, wide or narrow, in color and form as they wished it to be from moment to moment, and well-proportioned in shape and layout.

Along the shoreline, washed by the ocean, the cities of the asuras and nāga princes were arrayed, with lovely houses of camphor at the outskirts. On the slopes of the mountain, between thickets of various precious trees covered with nets of gold and silver and jewels; in forests festooned with melodiously sounding bells of beryl, sapphire, and gold; and around precious lakes, ponds, and pools, many birds and deer were singing and dancing. Everywhere in the sky and the park there appeared garlands, tents, curtains, many-storeyed pavilions, circular platforms, screens, settlements, and wildwoods, all shining with five-colored light, and from time to time men and women appeared to sing and play games in tents of light of varying layouts, enhanced in beauty by corbels, abutments, and volutes of light.[51] On top of this mountain glittering with the lambency of moonstone, the light of the clouds of worship issuing from the palace of the guardian-lord of the world spread into the ten directions and filled all the regions of the world. Beryl canopies decorated with finials of gold that had come from the Jambu river appeared everywhere like mirages. On top of them the Potala of the sky seemed to vie with the Potala in the ocean, just like the reflection of the moon in clear water seems to be the moon in the sky, [creating the illusion of] a duality in the layout that yet is nothing as such. The kingly gander exclaimed:

On this lovely Potala, the king of the eastern mountains,
Encircled by a hedge of many precious trees,

At a clear lake with fragrant flowers and medicinal trees,
Rays of light of worship are spreading from the lovely storeyed houses. [105]

As if residing in the ocean
The orb of the sky [whose vastness is] the lovely Potala
Appears in five colors without being anything as such.
Look at the magic of its varied layout. [106]

Some of the travelers, thinking of the waves of the ocean approaching the mountain, said:

This lake, bedecked with the precious essence of a cloud,[52] when
Playfully twisting its hands joined in its blue depth,
Becomes agitated by the stirring of the power of devotion
And seems to extend its hands as a greeting with the graceful movement of its body. [107]

Another one said:

Even the huge ocean of this precious continent,
Sounding a song of praise with its melodious roaring
And surging in high and low tides around the axial World Mountain,
Seems to make his mind [replete with] merits circumambulate it. [108]

Still another one said:

The water, which resembles rising stars in the night sky,
Scattering the spray of its rows of bubbles,
Seems with the falling of a cool rain of flowers
To perform its worship in the abode of the guardian-lord of the world. [109]

Others, thinking of the layout of the park, said:

The precious trees with nets of flowers
Spread out in jeweled thickets

Seem to have come near the king of the eastern mountains
In order to worship the guardian-lord of the world with devotion. [110]

Others said:

The flock of birds on the lake with its water-dwellers, uttering their cries and
Performing a dance with the flapping of their wings,
Seem in this park to compete
With a drunken herd of cloud-elephants. [111]

Still others said:

Look! Sprouts of green-yellow grass are nodding necklaces of smiling flowers;
The tree roots shining with rays of light are occupied by many spiritual immortals immersed in calmness;
Rivulets covered with lotuses are carrying ornamental garlands of tinkling bubbles;
The layout of this lovely woodland is a magical display by the noble one. [112]

Others, thinking of the manifestation of light, said:

The skylight of the wildwood and the expanse of the lovely sky
Spread various appearances in five-colored light:
Nets and half-nets, globes and spirals and brocade patterns,[53]
Lotus shapes and canopies of storeyed houses,
Abutments and corbels radiate like the light of sun and moon. [113]

Look! In all this, the divine park
Comes to life in shapes of gods and goddesses,
Sounding cymbals in melodies of praise. [114]

With these words they hurried into the park. There they saw a multitude of birds and gazelles showing their affection for

each other, while staying in an enclosure formed by ponds and flowers and creepers. Handsome asked:

> Even the birds and gazelles in this park,
> Loving each other and displaying their disciplined character,
> Seem to have renounced the hustle and bustle of worldliness
> and practice concentration.
> From whom have they learned this conduct of the spiritual
> immortals? [115]

The guide answered:

> If one associates with upright persons, their fragrance
> Pervades one with the sweet scent of a lovely lotus.
> Therefore, these beings, through the vitalizing power of the
> guardian-lord,
> Are endowed with moral qualities and rapturous
> awareness. [116]

Finally they arrived at the top of the mountain. There they saw the palace Rin-po-che 'od-kyi snying-po ("Precious Quintessence of Light"), covered with a net of jewels and shining canopies of clouds of worship. They approached the door, sounding their cymbals and singing their songs of praise:

> Mighty lord of the world! Exalted one, god of highest
> compassion,
> Looking with the lotus lake of your face in full bloom
> On those who nourish their lives with the honey of deep
> devotion!
> Satiate living beings with your nectar-like message. [117]

While they spoke thus, a young god came out of the palace and said: "You handsome persons, whence have you come and for what purpose?" The guide replied:

> We have come from the land of beautifully smiling snow-clad
> mountains;
> By honoring with sundry shining clouds of worship

The guardian-lord of the world and praising him,
We are here to listen to the lovely sound of principled instructions. [118]

When he heard these words the young god opened the door of the shrine room and gave them a sign to enter. On proceeding into the interior of the palace they saw the noble guardian-lord Avalokiteśvara, resplendent as the rising moon, ablaze with the distinctive bodily marks on his shapely figure, bedecked with divine garments and various jewels, with a superior smile, surrounded by thirty-six thousand bodhisattvas, and sitting on a throne made of the precious stone that is the quintessence of clouds. While each and every one worshipped him with whatever articles of worship he had and bowed with folded hands to his feet, the kingly gander uttered these words of praise:

Your shapely presence the color of a brilliantly white snow-clad mountain seems to spread the splendor of the rider in the carriage drawn by seven horses;[54]
Your lotus eye in your glorious face of compassion is like a smiling hundred-petalled lotus expanding in the ten directions;
The glory of your crown jewel, the source of bliss, is weightier than the weight of the earth supporting your feet.
O supreme spiritual immortal! Homage to you, the most beautiful one among the Buddha-sons. [119]

Handsome praised him as follows:

Your shapely presence with its ornaments tinkling with brilliant rays of light,
While sitting proudly, dignified and immobile on a red lotus flower,
By spreading the cool white light of the moon of compassion
Fills the world of those to be guided. Homage to you! [120]

The guide sang this praise:

Homage to the guardian-lord Avalokiteśvara,
Whose distinctive bodily marks are the mallards
Who had mistaken the guardian-lord in the vast circle of snow-clad mountains
For the very ocean of milk. [121]

One from among the wild geese on the flower-decorated lake voiced this praise:

We bow to the feet of the guardian-lord of the world, embellished by the flowers of welfare and happiness throughout the three worlds,
In whose tuft of smiling seasonal clouds Amitābha's garlands of lightning are flashing,
Who makes the big Brahma drum resound with its thunder voice of compassion reaching the limits of the ten directions, and
Who with the cool rain of principled discourses in pleasing melodies fills the minds [resembling] the open sky, of thinking beings. [122]

Another one sang this praise:

While your face with the splendor of the friend of the jasmine flowers[55]
Shines beautifully in the sky, [the vast expanse of] those to be guided,
We bow to your beneficent actions with their white light
By which beings will be installed in the certainty of Being. [123]

Still another one praised him with these words:

By the drops of cool water from your hands of compassion
The heat of anguish is set ablaze in the hearts of the armies of Māra, while
These same drops fall as cool nectar on the tormented spirits;
Homage to the lordly dignitary Avalokiteśvara. [124]

Another one offered this praise:

Homage to the feet of the guardian-lord of the world,
The park in which the bees of those to be guided flit about, and in which
The thousand-petalled lotus of superb compassion has unfolded in the ten directions,
Never to close because of the rising moon that is your face. [125]

Again another one praised him:

Although he stays in the vibrant dimension of calmness, threatening clouds of fearsome forms come forth;
Although his very nature of compassion extends to all alike, the time has come to crush the armies of Māra;
Although he sprinkles the cool water of beneficent actions on living beings, the scorching heat of wrong opinions is still ablaze;
Although he lets ring out the loud voice of [Being's] non-egological nothingness,[56]
In his compassion he guides all sentient being. And so to him I bow. [126]

Still another one praised him with these words:

The orb of the lovely autumn moon on his beautiful figure,
Although swallowed by Rahu, freed from this planet, shines in the ten directions;
Although not the day-maker[57] it spreads a net of a thousand rays of light;
Homage to him who rises as the splendor of the four continents. [127]

Another one praised him with these words:

I bow to the wide-open thousand-petalled blossom of his beneficent actions,
The white water lily of calmness, beautiful with its smile,

That does not close [cease] with the rays of the day-maker falling on it
And also does not open [start] with the light of the moon touching it. [128]

Again another one sang this praise of him:

Even if the sun, [like] the lotus of those to be guided, sets [closes], his beautiful figure is the eye of the night for all living beings;
Even if brightly shining in the orb of the sky, the expanse of Being's meaningfulness, it is moved by the waves of the ocean, his intense sensitivity;
Even if shaken by the swaying of the carriage drawn by seven horses, his compassion, his rapture, remains unmoving and firm;
Even if he spreads a net of rays of light in the ten directions,
He plunges the land of Māra into darkness. And so to him I bow. [129]

Still another one praised him as follows:

That these infinite and beautiful prerequisites[58] of yours
And the measure of your sensitivity and love[59] extending to every corner of the sky
Without fusing form a single reality
Is the miracle of your vastness. [130]

Yet another one praised him with these words:

That this lotus of calmness, beautiful with its smile, is not an assemblage of bright anthers, and
That the sound of the Brahma drum, your sweet voice, is not the deep sound of the creator, and
That this sky of all-sensitive compassion is not the cloudless way of sun and moon, and
That the appearance of the hot rays of beneficent actions is not the thousand rays of the day-maker, is the greatest miracle of yours. [131]

Accompanying these words with the clanging of cymbals and contemplating the virtues of the guardian-lord, they circumambulated him.

When the lovely-winged ones,[60] accompanied by bees, had approached
The full-blown thousand-petalled lotus of the compassion of the guardian-lord,
They performed a dance with the flapping of their wings of trust and
Eagerly sounded, with subdued voices, melodious songs of praise. [132]

Thereafter the exalted mighty Avalokiteśvara explained the Buddhist teaching, both profound and vast, to the flock of wild geese:

O handsome flock of wild geese! Come hither and listen: all things in saṃsāra have no substance;
They are similar to weapons and poison and a fiery pit; they are the source that constantly creates frustration;
The instances of suffering and destruction are on the increase and hundreds of unwanted experiences fall like rain.
One thing leads to another and the abyss of despondency is bottomless.
Even the pleasures of the heavenly realms pass like dreams. [133]

Foolish people, through their excessive craving, fall into the river of sensuous and sensual diversions
And are overcome by the fierce power of the waves of their emotions and the raging of the storms of their ill-considered actions.
Blinded by the darkness of mental dullness and spiritual unknowing they become the site where passion and anger reign.
Make up your mind to cross this realm, so vast and huge, so abysmal and submerged, so difficult to cross,

That as the terribly frightening ocean of worldliness with its whirlpools of birth and death,
Surging with its high tides and low tides of old age, sickness, and decay fills the depths of the three worlds.
Leave the hustle and bustle of the world with its sundry distractions behind and in secluded places cultivate concentration on calmness. [134]

All your notions have arisen from your mind; mind has arisen from the vibrant dimension of pure experience;
Pure experience is beyond all such concretistic notions as ground and root—it has not arisen from anything and is not some concoction;
Understand it to be like the sky, pure as such and calm from its beginning.
Let your mind in this reality be dissociated from conceptual-propositional limitations and remain in limpid clarity. [135]

This is the way of the Victorious Ones throughout the three times;
It is the vitalizing energy in all that is.
It also is the boat that will set you free
From the ocean of worldliness, so difficult to cross. [136]

Well, handsome wild geese!
Listen to what I am going to tell you now. [137]

Like autumn clouds moving through the sky,
At once understand as a certainty
That your life span is impermanent, fickle, without substance,
Lasting only a moment, changing, and perishing. [138]

Like people going to and coming from a store,
At once understand as a certainty
That from friends and relatives with whom you have lived together
And even from your body you have to part. [139]

Like a dream during your sleep at night,
At once understand as a certainty
That all the sundry notions you have are your own mind
Arisen from the sleep of ingrained tendencies. [140]

Like clouds in the sky dissolving into the source from which they have come
At once understand as a certainty
That your ill-considered actions and emotions, your feelings of happiness and sorrow,
Will submerge into the source from which they have emerged. [141]

Like a reflection appearing in a clear lake,
At once understand as a certainty
That all the sundry concrete things, although they appear so, have no substantiality about them
But are the gigantic reflection of a nothingness that has and is everything. [142]

Like a rainbow fading in the sky,
At once understand as a certainty
That the flickering of your mind in sundry notions is the effulgence of your ec-static cognitive intensity in pristine awareness modes, while
The vibrant dimension of Being's meaning-rich gestalt, the legitimate domain of this ec-static intensity in its emancipatory dynamics,
Has nothing to do with acceptance and rejection, affirmation and negation.[61] [143]

Like flocks of birds flying in the immense sky,
At once understand as a certainty
That the bird of undisturbed ec-static intensity in the vibrant dimension of pure experience,
Letting whatever appears before it be without subjectively appropriating it or showing some bias,

Resides in the sky's orb, the dynamic expanse of Being's
meaningfulness. [144]

Immediately after these words the flock of wild geese gained an inner understanding of what is meant by the acceptance of the fact that nothing whatsoever is going to come into concrete existence[62] and had the rapturous in-depth appraisal of what is called "supreme compassion." Each of the wild geese, worshipping and praising the guardian-lord of the world with sundry special acts of worship, stood before him with tears in his eyes.

From moving clouds of devotion
A thunder of melodious songs of praise came pealing
And with it lightning flashes of deep affection were dancing
while
A sweet and cool rain of tears was falling naturally. [145]

It has been recorded that thereafter, as long as they stayed in the Potala, sometimes they listened to the discourses of the noble one, while at other times they realized their goals by exerting themselves in their studies and meditations at the ponds in the park.

In this manner, people with character and learning renounce the distractions of the hustle and bustle of the world and without feeling homesick devote themselves to the practice of concentration in wildwoods that have been frequented by worthy people.

A thicket of water-grown flowers whose radiant smile vies
with the brilliance of the sun's rays, is no resort for blind
people;
How can people without ears hear the music of the lute the
lord of the heavenly musicians is playing?
Grubs living in the bark of fragrant sandalwood trees that
grow in the Malaya mountains, never have any need for its
scent.
Are decent people, living in a jungle of fools, ever widely
honored and enhanced in beauty by fame? [146]

The mind of fools will never recognize a wise man
Even if it has lived with such a person for a long time,
Just as a herd of tortoises in a pond
Never recognizes the colors of the gorgeous lotus flowers. [147]

This Story of the Mount Potala Delights has been composed
By the *intelligent* gander *of character*[63] from bSam-yas,
Swimming around in the pond of learning
With his graceful body with its wings of threefold
training. [148]

May through this meritorious work the lotus flowers, the beings to be guided, start smiling by having been opened by the diffusion of rays of light, the sundry guiding images issuing from
The gestaltism of Being's world-encompassing horizon of meaning, the vitalizing energy in its sheer lucency so magnificent through being the reflection with five certainties[64]
Of the orb of Being's meaning-rich gestalt, calm since its beginning, spontaneously there and uncontrived,
In the sky in which the conceptual-propositional flurries of my and other people's minds have fully come to rest. [149]

In this place with its lush forest of poetry on the mountain of life's profound meaning,
Where the river of composition gently flows, and
Which is bedecked with the lotus grove of clear diction,
May the flock of those bright-minded ones who flap their wings[65] take delight. [150]

This Story of the Mount Potala Delights has been composed by the learned master of poetry Ngag-gi dbang-po,[66] at bSam-yas, where once Padmasambhava, self-originated, dwelt.

May this composition be like a rain of bliss that falls in every place and at all times, as if the time of the golden age has arrived again.

Happiness to all!

APPENDIX

THE ROYAL SONG OF SARAHA

INTRODUCTION

Saraha's *Dohākośa,* reprinted here as an illustration of the vividness of the poetic presentation of lived experiences, is, in the cultural world of Tibet, known by its nickname *rgyal-po'i dohā,* "Songs for the King," which prompted the book title *The Royal Song of Saraha* (Boston: Shambhala Publications, 1973). Its full, probably Sanskritized title is *Dohākośa-náma-caryāgīti.* The last word in this title I rendered as "The Song on Human Action." Already at the time I translated the title I was fully aware of its inadequacy. The Sanskrit word *caryā* (Tib. *spyod-pa*) corresponds to our notions of "conduct," "deportment," "behavior," all of them carrying with them the idea of conformity to standards laid down by prescriptive ethics that, on closer inspection, are demeaning as they reduce a human person to an abject chattel of a spurious metaphysical postulate. A person who merely behaves cannot be held responsible. This consideration prompted me to reject all the above conformist notions and to speak of human action. A person can be held responsible for his actions. In the Buddhist context *caryā* refers to that which emerges at the end of a long process of mental-spiritual transformation that remains thoroughly creative. As the Buddhist texts never tire of stating, in order to be fully human we must first have a vision (*lta-ba,* Skt. *dṛṣṭi*) to which we give form by our imagination oscillating between ecstatic/meditative and rational levels (*sgom-pa,* Skt. *bhāvanā*). This form has to be related to a common *human* basis by expressing the visionary's innermost experience and by evoking this same experience in others. In

prosaic terms, *caryā* (Tib. *spyod-pa*) means "to set an example that serves as an incentive to pursue the way to one's humanity." Needless to say, this is not some predetermined end-state, but rather an unending task. Although the texts speak of a goal (*'bras-bu,* Skt. *phala*), this goal is a new beginning from a higher, non-egocentric and non-egological plane of existence.

The text itself is one in a trilogy—the two others being the *Dohākośa-upadeśagīti,* nicknamed *btsun-mo'i dohā* ("Songs for a Queen"), in eighty stanzas, and the *Dohākośa-gīti,* nicknamed *dmangs-kyi dohā* ("Songs for the Common People"), in one hundred and twenty stanzas. On this trilogy Karma 'Phrin-las-pa dpal Phyogs thams-cad-las rnam-par gyal-ba'i lha (1456–1539) wrote a detailed commentary that I discovered in remote Tibetan monasteries in Lahul where, during my long academic career (1950–1964) as a staff member (not as a visiting tourist-professor) of the University of Lucknow, Uttar Pradesh, and the Sanskrit University of Varanasi in India, together with my family I spent the university holidays, or, to use the modern jargon, went into retreat. There, living among the Lamas of the 'Brug-pa bka'-brgyud and the rNying-ma lineages who, once they knew me, unreservedly imparted to me what they themselves knew and freely made texts, usually kept under lock and key, available to me for study, I realized the inadequacy of the academic-mechanical training (in which I had been brought up) to understand Buddhist (Indian as well as Tibetan) thought. This training was (and still is) more concerned with perpetuating the mistaken notions (linguistic and philosophical) of a bygone era, and with imposing them on the original textual material, than with finding out what the texts themselves had to say. The only good thing that can be said about this training is that it provided a solid basis for learning the material aspects of a language (structure, grammar, syntax), while at the same time sadly failing to recognize the metaphorical character of language without whose recognition no understanding of a text is possible. It seemed that *understanding* fell outside the

scope of this training that endeavored to live up to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's scorn:

Wer will was Lebendigs erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben,
Dann hat er die Teile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider! nur das geistige Band.

Who would know and describe a living thing,
Seeks first to expel the spirit within,
Then he stands there, the parts held in his grasp,
Lost just the spiritual bond, alas!
—*Faust,* Part I, trans. Walter Arndt

This realization made me heed Edmund Husserl's famous call, "To the things themselves!" which marked the beginning of modern phenomenology and which sums up the desire to gain access to the prereflected givenness of things, in this case, the original texts, in a manner that would not be distorted by theories or anticipatory ideas of any kind. In the case of the Tibetan source material, however, this proved to be problematic in some instances: many texts were translations from Sanskrit or Prākrit sources, now lost, and, contrary to the claim of the objectivist, each translation is already an interpretation, because it was made by a person who thought about what he translated. As a matter of fact, thinking is precisely what the objectivist fears most, because it exposes the fallacies of his reasoning and the irrelevance of what he has to say to human concerns.

One of the major fallacies of the objectivist's position is the assumption that words and sentences have clear and precise meanings that exist regardless of someone being there or not to use them. The fact is that words have no meaning in themselves but acquire meaning in being used, and the usage of a word depends on the context in which it is spoken. It also is a fact that

context is never something monolithic or static; rather it constantly broadens and opens up new horizons of understanding. Understanding, with its linguistic character, moves between the sedimented meanings and usages and the new meaning that it strives to express. It is through this essentially disclosive function of language as an integral aspect of our being, which is of primary interest to modern hermeneutics, that in the attempt to understand a text or a work of art we enter into a dialogue with it and thus participate in its meaning. In the words of Hans-Georg Gadamer (*Truth and Method,* 1975, pp. 271–74), participation is "a fusion of horizons," an interpenetration of one's understanding of a text with its relevance for one's own situation. This does not imply any kind of subjectivism. Such a charge could only be maintained if one's own situation were set as an absolute truth and thereby turned into an additional item in the objectivist's collection of fallacies. Rather, in attempting to understand a text, whether it is a work by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa or by Saraha, and then to translate it, I have listened to and allowed the text to speak and to draw me into the "circle of the unexpressed" that surrounds every spoken word, as the psychologist Hans Lipps pointed out long ago. Thus, translating turns out to be essentially a dialogue and a hermeneutical experience that is productive in leading to an expansion and refinement of one's own perspective, not reductive to worn-out and narrow prejudices.

THE SONG ON HUMAN ACTION
The Treasure of Dohās

I bow down to noble Mañjuśrī.
I bow down to him who has conquered the finite.

As calm water lashed by wind
Turns into waves and rollers,
So the king thinks of Saraha
In many ways, although one man. [1]

To a fool who squints
One lamp is as two;
Where seen and seer are not two, ah! the mind
Works on the thingness of them both. [2]

Though the house-lamps have been lit,
The blind live on in the dark.
Though spontaneity is all-encompassing and close,
To the deluded it remains always far away. [3]

Though there may be many rivers, they are one in the sea,
Though there may be many lies, one truth will conquer all.
When one sun appears, the dark
However deep will vanish. [4]

As a cloud that rises from the sea
Absorbing rain the earth embraces,
So, like the sky, the sea remains
Without increasing or decreasing. [5]

So from spontaneity that's unique,
Replete with the Buddha's perfections,

Are all sentient beings born in and in it come
To rest. But it is neither concrete nor abstract. [6]

They walk other paths and so forsake true bliss,
Seeking the delights that stimulants produce.
The honey in their mouths and to them so near
Will vanish if at once they do not drink it. [7]

Beasts do not understand the world
To be a sorry place. Not so the wise
Who the heavenly nectar drink
While beasts hunger for the sensual. [8]

To a fly that likes the smell of putrid
Meat the fragrance of sandalwood is foul.
Beings who discard nirvāṇa
Covet coarse saṃsāra's realm. [9]

An ox's footprints filled with water
Will soon dry up; so with a mind that's firm
But full of qualities that are not perfect;
These imperfections will in time dry up. [10]

Like salt sea water that turns
Sweet when drunk up by the clouds,
So a firm mind that works for others turns
The poison of sense-objects into nectar. [11]

If ineffable, never is one unsatisfied,
If unimaginable, it must be bliss itself.
Though from a cloud one fears the thunderclap,
The crops ripen when from it pours the rain. [12]

It is in the beginning, the middle, and
The end; yet end and beginning are nowhere else.
All those with minds deluded by interpretative thoughts
Are in two minds and so discuss nothingness and compassion
as two things. [13]

Bees know that in flowers
Honey can be found.
That saṃsāra and nirvāṇa are not two
How will the deluded ever understand? [14]

When the deluded in a mirror look
They see a face, not a reflection.
So the mind that has truth denied
Relies on that which is not true. [15]

Though the fragrance of a flower cannot be touched,
'Tis all-pervasive and at once perceptible.
So by unpatterned being-in-itself
Recognize the sound of mystic circles. [16]

When [in winter] still water by the wind is stirred,
It takes [as ice] the shape and texture of a rock.
When the deluded are disturbed by interpretative thoughts,
That which is as yet unpatterned turns very hard and solid. [17]

Mind immaculate in its very being can never be
Polluted by saṃsāra's or nirvāṇa's impurities.
A precious jewel deep in mud
Will not shine, though it has luster. [18]

Knowledge shines not in the dark, but when the darkness
Is illumined, suffering disappears [at once].
Shoots grow from the seed
And leaves from the shoots. [19]

He who thinks of the mind in terms of one
Or many casts away the light and enters the world.
Into a [raging] fire he walks with open eyes—
Who could be more deserving of compassion? [20]

For the delights of kissing the deluded crave
Declaring it to be the ultimately real—
Like a man who leaves his house and standing at the door
Asks [a woman] for reports of sensual delights. [21]

The stirring of biotic forces in the house of nothingness
Has given artificial rise to pleasures in so many ways.
Such yogis from affliction faint for they have fallen
From celestial space, inveigled into vice. [22]

As a brahmin, who with rice and butter
Makes a burnt offering in blazing fire
Creating a vessel for nectar from celestial space,
Takes this through wishful thinking as the ultimate. [23]

Some people who have kindled the inner heat and raised it to the fontanelle
Stroke the uvula with the tongue in a sort of coition and confuse
That which fetters with what gives release,
In pride will call themselves yogis. [24]

As higher awareness they teach what they experience
Within. What fetters them they will call liberation.
A glass trinket colored green to them is a [priceless] emerald;
Deluded, they know not a gem from what they think it should be. [25]

They take copper to be gold. Bound by discursive thought
They think these thoughts to be ultimate reality.
They long for the pleasures experienced in dreams. They call
The perishable body-mind eternal bliss supreme. [26]

By the symbol EVAṂ [*they think*] self-clearness is achieved,
By the different situations that demand four seals
They call what they have fancied spontaneity,
But this is looking at reflections in a mirror. [27]

As under delusion's power a herd of deer will rush
For the water in a mirage that is not recognized,
So also the deluded quench not their thirst, are bound by chains
And find pleasure in them, saying that all is ultimately real. [28]

Nonmemory is convention's truth
And mind which has become no-mind [is ultimate truth].
This is fulfillment, this the highest good.
Friends, of this highest good become aware. [29]

In nonmemory is mind absorbed; just this
Is emotionality perfect and pure.
It is unpolluted by the good or bad of worldliness
Like a lotus unaffected by the mud from which it grows. [30]

Yet with certainty must all things be viewed as if they were a magic spell.
If without distinction you can accept or reject saṃsāra
Or nirvāṇa, steadfast is your mind, free from the shroud of darkness.
In you will be self-being, beyond thought and self-originated. [31]

This world of appearance has from its radiant beginning
Never come to be; unpatterned it has discarded patterning.
As such it is continuous and unique meditation;
It is nonmentation, stainless contemplation, and nonmind. [32]

Mind, intellect, and the formed contents of that mind are It,
So too are the world and all that seems from It to differ,
All things that can be sensed and the perceiver,
Also dullness, aversion, desire, and enlightenment. [33]

Like a lamp that shines in the darkness of spiritual
Unknowing, It removes obscurations of a mind
As far as the fragmentations of intellect obtain.
Who can imagine the self-being of desirelessness? [34]

There's nothing to be negated, nothing to be
Affirmed or grasped; for It can never be conceived.
By the fragmentations of the intellect are the deluded
Fettered; undivided and pure remains spontaneity. [35]

If you question ultimacy with the postulates of the many and
  the one,
Oneness is not given, for by [transcending] knowledge are
  sentient beings freed.
The radiant is potency latent in the intellect, and this
Is shown to be meditation; unswerving mind is our true
  essence. [36]

Once in the realm that's full of joy
The seeing mind becomes enriched
And thereby for this and that most useful; even when it runs
After objects it is not alienated from itself. [37]

The buds of joy and pleasure
And the leaves of glory grow.
If nothing flows out anywhere
The bliss unspeakable will fruit. [38]

What has been done and where and what in itself it will
  become
Is nothing: yet thereby it has been useful for this and that.
Whether passionate or not
The pattern is nothingness. [39]

If I am like a pig that covets worldly mire
You must tell me what fault lies in a stainless mind.
By what does not affect one
How can one now be fettered? [40]

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

1. For instance, the refrain

   Padma-las-'brel-rtsal-gyis bstan-nas song (Having taught [this] Padma-las-'brel-rtsal has gone away)

   in Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa's *gSang-spyod rdo-rje-lam bstan* (in *mKha'-yang* II, pp. 503–525), obviously his obituary to the gifted visionary Padma-las-'brel-rtsal who died very young at the age of twenty-five (1291–1316), is unmistakably modeled after verse 33 of Saraha's *Dohākośa* in its Tibetan translation:

   Saraha-yis bstan-nas 'gro.

   The *Kakhasya Dohā,* a small work by Saraha that presents such songs of realization in the order of the alphabet and to which Saraha wrote a commentary of his own, has been the model for several songs by Khams-smyon dharma-seng-ge. See for instance pp. 63, 188, 261, and 327 of his *Nyams-mgur chu-zla'i gar-'phreng* (in *Ngagyur Nyingmay Sungrab,* vol. 23, reproduced by Sonam T. Kazi, Gangtok 1970). This art form is still alive today in Tibet. Recently (1988), the Sichuan Minorities Press published an annotated anthology of such alphabetically arranged stanzas under the title *Ka-bshad gces-sgrig me-tog phreng-mdzes.* Their authors range from the fifth Dalai Lama Blo-bzang rgya-mtsho (1617–1682) to modern writers such as bSod-nams srid-thar (1981), sKyid-skyid (1984), and many others. From among these modern contributors to the anthology two writers are unique. Instead of merely following the traditional sequence of *ka . . . kha . . . ga . . . nga . . .* etc., dMu-dge bsam-gtan in his *Bod-kyi yi-ge'i spyi-rnam blo-gsal 'jug-ngogs* (2nd edition, Sichuan Minorities Press, 1979, and excerpted in the above-mentioned anthology) uses an additional device, already mentioned by Daṇḍin (*Kāvyādarśa* III.86), by letting each consonant carry the vowel *e,* thus: *ke . . . khe . . . ge . . . nge . . . ,* etc. Thub-bstan rnam-rgyal (1983) lets each consonant carrying a different vowel—the Tibetan language has four vowels, thus: *ki . . . khu . . . ge . . . ngo . . . ,* etc. This seems to be a distinctly Tibetan contribution, since the polysyllabic Sanskrit language is unable to do this.

2. An anthology of such illustrations (*dper brjod*) by more recent authors hailing from the province of Khams, such as 'Jam-dbyangs mkhyen-brtse'i bdag-po (1820–1892), rDza dpal-sprul rin-po-che (1808–1897), Zhe-chen rgyal-tshab (1871–1926), and Brag-dkar sprul-sku (1866–1926), has been published under the title *Khams-khul mkhas-dbang-rnams-kyi snyan-ngag dper-brjod phyogs-sgrig* by the Sichuan Minorities Press in 1987.

3. Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa's *Ngang-pa'i dris-lan sprin-gyi snying-po* (in *gSung thor-bu,* vol. 1, pp. 331–354), translated by me under the title *Looking Deeper: A Swan's Questions and Answers,* Timeless Books, Porthill, ID, 1983, seems to have been an excerpt from the two poems translated here or a draft later on elaborated in two independent poems. In this small work I rendered the Tibetan *ngang,* the equivalent of Sanskrit *haṃsa,* by "swan" by way of a concession to Western preconceptions. The Sanskrit word indicates some waterfowl, be this a goose/gander (playing a significant role in Indian folklore) or even a flamingo. In the present translation I have chosen the term "gander" to capture the Indo-Tibetan associations.

THE STORY OF THE WILDWOOD DELIGHTS

1. *bslab-(pa) gsum.* It comprises self-discipline, rapturous awareness (through contemplation), and the sharpening of one's critical acumen through learning. An almost identical image is used by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa in *Potala kun-tu dga'-ba'i gtam,* verse 6.

2. *snying-po med-(pa).* The above is a free rendering. The Tibetan term *snying-po* does not indicate a static essence, but is a dynamic concept pointing to that which gives vigor or vitality to something so that it might "live by itself." Nothing in our physical and mental worlds has this ability.

3. *sems-nyid.* rDzogs-chen thinkers distinguish between *sems-nyid,* synonymous with *rig-pa* ("ec-static intensity") and ye-shes ("pristine awareness"), and *sems* ("mind/mentation") as a drop in the cognitive intensity, referred to as *ma-rig-pa,* which is not so much "ignorance" (as this word is usually translated) as a state in which our cognitive capacity is not quite what it might or could be.

4. This refers to the legend that when the child to become the Buddha was born, he was first received by the four guardian gods of the quarters of the world and, from their hands, by men. Descending

from their hands he stood erect on the ground, looked in all directions, and making seven steps exclaimed, "I am the foremost of the world!"

5. Otherwise known as the *Samādhirājasūtra*. Passages pertaining to the description of the charms of the wildwood in this text have been collected by Śāntideva in his *Śikṣāsamuccaya*, chapter 11.

6. *dgongs-pa*. The above is a makeshift translation of one of the most difficult terms in rDzogs-chen thought. The traditional meaning is "intentionality" or "purpose," from a dynamic perspective. It does not belong to an ego-centered and matter-concentrated system of reality, but to a higher-order reality and its beyond that is described as *sangs-rgyas*. This term has usually and quite uncomprehendingly been translated as "Buddha" (with the definite article written with a capital letter added to make sure that there is such a person-*thing* among other things). In an attempt to combine the conventional primitivism of Western notions concerning Buddhism while emphasizing its dynamic character as a self-structuring experiential process I render this term by "Buddha"-experience. What the term *sangs-rgyas* implies is the fading-out of old patterns (*sangs*) and the emergence of new patterns (*rgyas*), the dispersing of darkness and the spreading of light. Having holistic implications, *dgongs-pa* points to the act by the whole to bring meaning, the ultimate fabric of life, into the open.

7. The same line occurs in Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa's *Potala kun-tu dga'-ba'i gtam*, verse 71.

8. *mnyam-pa*. From a static point of view this term means identity with itself and everything else; from a dynamic perspective it indicates the principle of self-consistency.

9. *thugs-rje*. I have added the qualifying word "higher-order" in order to point out that this term must not be confused with *snying-rje*, which is used in the context of our conventionally accepted reality. Having, like *dgongs-pa*, holistic implications, *thugs-rje* corresponds in its strict rDzogs-chen sense to our "resonance," which from the viewpoint of our embodied existence we identify with "compassion."

10. *rdzogs-sangs-rgyas*. A hermeneutical interpretation of this term has been given by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa in his *Theg-pa'i mchog rin-*

po-che'i mdzod, vol. 2, pp. 120f., with ample quotations from the *Rig-pa rang-shar*. His words are:

Completeness (Being's holistic character, *rdzogs*) is according to the *Rig-pa rang-shar* (p. 444) as follows:

In the pure coming-to-presence of the triune gestaltism of Being,
Being's holistic character remains intact whether it be one or two or everything.
In the coming-to-presence of Being's pristine awareness that ceaselessly radiates,
Its purity [from anything observable] bursts forth in rays of light that are this pristine awareness.
In Being's pure ec-static intensity that is without divisive concepts,
The [above mentioned] rays of light ceaselessly radiate in a fivefold hue.
In Being's ultimate self-emancipatory dynamics that has no subjectivity in it,
What is called the external, the internal, and the arcane is Being's radiation.
In Being's ec-static intensity that has dismissed any preoccupation with having to do something,
What is the doing and the to-be-done are Being's holistic character as temporality.
In Being's ec-static intensity that is dissociated from mentation,
The coming-to-presence of the variedness of the phenomenal world is Being's holistic character as temporality.
In the ultimate pure radiance of Being's self-presencing
The coming-to-presence of [its dimming] errancy is Being's holistic character as temporality.
In Being's ultimate presencing as an self-emancipatory dynamics
Everything else that has arisen is Being's holistic character as temporality.
Such is the holistic mode of Being's triune gestaltism.

Disappearing (*sangs*) means that there is nothing left of a going astray into the belief in duality. As is stated in the same work (p. 445):

Since there is nothing that has to be done, the going astray into it has disappeared.
Since there is no divisive thought, emotional outbursts have disappeared.

Since there is no subjectivity, the [idea of] self-origination has disappeared.
Since there is no craving, divisive concepts have disappeared.
Since there is no attachment, the drop in ec-static intensity [one's unknowing] has disappeared.
Such is the disappearance mode of Being's triune gestaltism.

Spreading (*rgyas-pa*) means that Being's potentialities spread into Being's spontaneous presence out of its virtual primordiality. As is stated in the same work (p. 445):

In Being's ec-static intensity in which there is no divisiveness,
Being's originary awareness spreads through its radiation in five hues.
In Being's ec-static intensity that is dissociated from the doing and the to-be-done,
Being's triune gestaltism that has nothing to do with some objective frame of reference spreads.
In Being's ec-static intensity coming-to-presence without a representationally definable domain,
Being's fivefold hue without being interfered with by mentation that subjectively attempts to grasp it, spreads.
In Being's ec-static intensity with its ultimate pristine awareness modes,
Its climaxing as the self-presencing of [Being's] meaningfulness spreads.
Such is the spreading mode of Being's triune gestaltism.

The triune gestaltism (*sku-gsum*) refers to the "gestalt in which Being's meaningfulness expresses itself and becomes intelligible to us in the immediacy of experience" (*chos-sku*), the "gestalt in which this meaningfulness expresses itself in the contextuality of lived-through experience" (*longs-sku*), and the "gestalt in which Being expresses itself as a guiding image influencing a person's spiritual development" (*sprul-sku*).

11. This may be a reference to his trilogy, the *Sems-nyid ngal-so,* translated into English by H. V. Guenther, *Kindly Bent to Ease Us.*

THE STORY OF THE MOUNT POTALA DELIGHTS

1. *spyan-ras-gzigs dbang-phyug.* While in the above translation the Sanskrit name of this bodhisattva has been given because most Western readers are more familiar with Sanskrit words than with Tibetan words, it should be noted that in the Tibetan language two terms

exist to refer to him: *spyan-ras-gzigs (avalokita)* and *spyan-ras-gzigs dbang-phyug (avalokiteśvara)*. It is this latter form, containing as its second member the term *dbang-phyug (īśvara)*, that gives Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa the cue to relate him to Śiva, the auspicious, otherwise known as the lord *(īśvara)*. His beauty and glory derive in part from the moon-like splendor of his consort's, Gaurī's, face. Indeed, Gaurī's face is like the full moon that puts the crescent moon in Śiva's tresses to shame, so that either out of despair it tries to enter Śiva's third eye and hide there or out of jealousy refuses to grow. See C. Sivaramamurti, *Nataraja in Art, Thought and Literature*, p. 88.

2. *mtshan-mo'i mig*. A metaphor for the moon that has apparently been coined by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa himself, as this term is not found in any dictionary. For its association with Gaurī, the goddess *(devī)*, see also note 1.

3. *ri-bong-'dzin*. A metaphor for the moon that derives from the *Śaśajātaka* in Aryaśūra's *Jātakamālā* (no. 6) and the *Śaśajātaka* in Haribhaṭṭa's *Jātakamālā* (no. 4). See also Michael Hahn, *Haribhaṭṭa and Gopadatta: Two authors in the succession of Āryaśūra*. A very independent presentation of this theme is offered by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa, *Ri-bong-gi rtogs-pa- brjod-pa legs-par 'doms-pa lha'i rnga-bo che lta-bu'i gtam* (in *gSung thor-bu*, vol. 1, pp. 8–95).

4. *mtshan-dpe*, short for *mtshan (bzang-po)* and *dpe-byad (bzang-po)*. Traditionally thirty-two *mtshan* ("primary" marks) and eighty *dpe-byad* ("secondary" marks) have been listed and popularly conceived as ostensible marks and characteristics of a "great person" *(mahāpuruṣa)*. These popular conceptions have been listed in *Abhisamayālaṃkāra* VIII.12ff. In rDzogs-chen process-oriented thinking, which may be said to be hermeneutical in the sense that its primary philosophical relevance lies in its opening up paths to self-understanding, the thirty-two (2 × 16) *mtshan* are antepredicative formulations of a psychic force that already virtually exhibits the principle of complementarity, operative on each of the hierarchically organized levels of an individual's existentiality manifesting itself in his/her "embodied availability" *(sku)*. The triune hierarchical organization of the individual with special reference to the *mtshan-dpe* has been detailed by g. Yung-ston rdo-rje dpal bzang-po, *gSal-byed me-long*, fols. 20ab as follows:

> Externally, from the spirituality of the male-female complementarity [given the name] Kun-tu bzang-po, [constituting] the

sixth [unifying principle in a fivefold diversity]—an ec-static intensity *(rig-pa)* whose functions are the whole's self-existing pristine awareness modes *(ye-shes)*, there come-into-presence sixteen *sems-dpa'* (masculine mentation aspects) that derive from the whole's action-oriented lighting-up *(thabs-kyi snang-cha)* and sixteen *sems-ma* (feminine mentation aspects) that derive from the whole's appreciation-oriented lighting-up *(shes-rab-kyi snang-cha)* of what is its pure field-like dimension *(dbyings)*. Together these constitute the thirty-two primary marks.

Internally, in the head region the thirty-two branchings of the central chreod *(rtsa)*, constituting the dimension of bliss supreme, are the thirty-two primary marks *(mtshan)*; in the navel region the sixty-four branchings constituting the dimension of the organismic, and in the throat region the sixteen branchings constituting the dimension of the communicative, amounting to eighty branchings, are the eighty secondary marks *(dpe-byad)*.

Arcanely, when the male and female aspects [constituting the teacher as a dynamic unity] are dallying with each other, the sixteen intensity-degrees of joy on the part of the male aspect and the sixteen intensity-degrees of joy on the part of the female aspect together constitute the thirty-two primary marks.

Lo-chen Dharmaśrī, in *dGongs-rgyan,* p. 50, gives the following account of the eighty *dpe-byad* ("secondary" marks):

The four ["peripheral"] pristine awareness modes *(ye-shes)*, beginning with the mirror-like one *(me-long lta-bu'i ye-shes)*, each form a set of four [interconnected] awareness modes [such that each mode has its own "domain" of operation that remains coordinated with the other domains in the totality and unity of the embodied experiencer]. Their dynamics *(rtsal)* expresses itself as the sixteen (4×4) masculine mentation aspects *(sems-dpa')*. The sixteen feminine mentation aspects *(sems-ma)* are the expression of the dynamics of [Being's field-like] expanse where meanings are born *(chos-dbyings)*.

Each member in the masculine mentation aspects *(sems-dpa')* is marked by a set of five programmatic "types" of symbols *(rigs-kyi lha)*, which accounts for the eighty (16×5) *dpe-byad* ("secondary" marks). The sixteen feminine mentation aspects *(sems-ma)* are not so marked as they are the possibilizing dynamics of Being's nothingness *(stong-pa)*.

5. *sku*. Although often rendered as "body" and thereby tacitly leading to the assumption that it is on a par with all the other granular entities with which representational thinking is preoccupied, the Tibetan term *sku* refers to an experienced and experienceable quality that comes, in the manner of what Alfred North Whitehead described as a "vector feeling," with the process of becoming aware of a presence (its perception) such that the holistic character and dynamic unity remain intact. Therefore, the term is more akin to the (originally) German word *Gestalt* in a non-metaphysical sense. What this term refers to is "perceived" and "felt" to be a process (which the German word *Gestaltung* admirably captures, but for which there is no English equivalent). The multifaceted–process character of this term has been detailed by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa, *Theg-mchog*, vol. II, pp. 73ff.

6. *'od*. In rDzogs-chen thought "light" is the self-effulgence of Being's pristine awareness (*ye-shes*) that because of its cognitive character introduces a division such that "internally" it is a subtle lucency as yet colorless and "externally" it is "grossly" colored. See *Theg-mchog*, vol. II, p. 78.

From an experiential point of view there exists an intimate connection between what is perceived and "felt" to be a gestalt (*sku*) and what is perceived and "felt" to be its light quality (*'od*). The ecstatic intensity of the whole (*rig-pa*), in creating its gestalt (as a formulation of the "field" [*dbyings*] of which this intensity is its excitation), introduces a division, be it as yet purely virtual, into the whole by virtue of its cognitive character pursuing its aim of giving itself a gestalt (*sku*) that is commensurate with its awareness (*ye-shes*) of it. This is summed up in the terse diction of the "inseparability of Being's gestalt (more precisely, auto-*gestaltung* process) and Being's pristine awareness of it" (*sku dang ye-shes dbyer-med*). In other words, there cannot be a gestalt without its cognition or vice versa. This awareness, in particular, is "felt" as self-illuminating *(rang-gsal)*. In concretistic terms "light" *('od)* as manifested intensity is the "stuff" of which the world is made. The circularity involved is expressed in a quotation from a canonical text collection (the *Ratnakūṭa*) contained in Lo-chen Dharmaśrī's *dGongs-rgyan*, p. 51:

> The dimension of space (*nam-mkha'*) is also the dimension of [its] gestalt (*sku*);

The dimension of [this] gestalt is also the dimension of [its] light (*'od*);
The dimension of [this] light is also the dimension of [its] communication (*gsung*);
The dimension of [this] communication is also the dimension of its spirituality (*thugs*).

7. *'phrin-las.* This term indicates the quality of one's interaction with one's world from a holistic perspective. According to the *Thig-le kun-gsal* (in *rNying-rgyud,* vol. 5, pp. 124–289), pp. 231f., it is Being's originary awareness (*ye-shes*) in action in its purest expression:

The facticity (*ngo-bo*) of [holistic] action is Being's task-posed-and-task-accomplished originary awareness mode (*bya-ba grub-pa'i ye-shes*);
Its definition (*nges-tshig*) is that since it as such [its actuality, *rang-bzhin*] is beyond [the limitations of ordinary actions that] have to look for what has to be accomplished (*bya-brtsal-las 'das-pas*)
It accomplishes each and every task individually.
It is of two kinds:
Involving efforts and being effortless.
Effortless action is fourfold:
When by a deeply felt understanding that
Being's meaning-rich gestalt has nothing to do with [notions of] substance and is dissociated from conceptual-propositional limitations,
All conceptual-propositional limitations of it have come to rest,
This [holistic] action is called "restful action" (*zhi-ba'i 'phrin-las*).
When Being's [the whole's] qualities (*yon-tan*) rise [to prominence in us, being part of the whole, as one's talents] like the jewel [granting all one's wishes],
This [holistic] action is called "expanding action" (*rgyas-pa'i 'phrin-las*).
Since whatever comes to prominence comes out of it, and
Since whatever abides abides in it, and
Since whatever fades away fades away into it, and
Since it dominates and empowers everything,
This [holistic] action is called "powerful action" (*dbang-gi 'phrin-las*).
Since Being's ec-static intensity is nothing substantial and material,

It rises without any partiality and without encountering any obstacles;
When through the power of its resonance it draws whatever comes-to-existence into its orbit,
This [holistic] action is called "fierce action" (*drag-po'i 'phrin-las*).
Since [this holistic action] does not have to look for what has to be accomplished, but like the rays of the sun
Dispels the darkness of concretism throughout the three worlds,
It is an utter resonance [with the whole] without ever encountering any obstacles.
This is what is meant by a holistic action that does not have to look for what has to be accomplished.

It is important to bear in mind that *'phrin-las* is related to *ye-shes,* which as a "pristine awareness" corresponds in its freshness to what Martin Heidegger calls *anfängliches Denken.*

8. *kun-mkhyen.* This term, like the more frequently used *thams-cad mkhyen-pa('i ye-shes),* applies to the "Buddha-level" in experience and involves a sensitivity (*mkhyen-pa*) that is both virtual and actual to what may present itself to its "envisioning" when it is termed *rnam-pa thams-cad mkhyen-pa'i ye-shes* ("holistically sensitive to the look of things"). It is a pre-epistemological operation. See, for instance, *Theg-mchog* I, p. 313. The reference to the gazelle leads back to the image of the moon, one of its many metaphors being *ri-dvags rtags-can* ("having the mark of a deer"). However, this image does not derive from the *Mṛgajātaka,* on whose various versions see Michael Hahn and Konrad Klaus, *Das Mṛgajātaka.* The deer is as much associated with Śiva as with the Buddha.

9. *yon-tan.* This term has many connotations. It does not so much refer to static qualities or properties of things, although in some cases it does so, as to what we would call capabilities, abilities, talents, or unfoldment possibilities. Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa, *Zab-yang* II, p. 221, explicates this term as the triad of creativity (*rtsal*), beauty (*rgyan*), and playfulness (*rol-pa*), and in *Theg-mchog* I, p. 312, where he speaks of them in connection with the "Buddha"-experience (*sangs-rgyas*), he distinguishes between their virtual presence in Being's holistic thereness and their having come into full play in the actual "Buddha"-experience. The term "Buddha"-experience is a

concession to Western primitivism with its thinking in static terms; the Tibetan term *sangs-rgyas* describes the *process* of the dissipation of mental dullness and the unfoldment of spiritual lucidness, though not in a sequential manner.

10. *don-zab.* The term *don* primarily denotes a value and in a certain sense what Kant called the *Ding an sich,* the "thing corresponds to itself," though not in his interpretation of it as an inaccessible substrate that was supposed to underlie all phenomenal appearances. Rather, *don* points to the individual's concrete totality of which he has some dim cognizance that has to be raised to utmost clarity. Its profundity is its vitalizing dynamics (*don-gyi snying-po*).

11. Better known as the Brahmaputra river.

12. *rang-byung bde-bar gshegs-pa.* This is a metaphorical expression for any living system's thrust toward optimization that is felt as a passage into what can only be intimated, but never adequately expressed in words, as bliss supreme. This thrust is endogenous, natural, "existing by itself" (*rang-byung*).

13. gtsug-lag-khang. This term connotes more than what we would describe as a temple, monastery, or assembly hall, which is its present-day meaning.

14. bSam-yas was founded in 775 during the reign of Khri-srong lde'u-brtsan (756–797).

15. *thub-dbang.* This is a contracted form of *thub-pa'i dbang-po,* a metonym for the person called Buddha, conceived of as being of the order of the "I can" (*thub-pa*). The Tibetan expression commonly used for the historical Buddha is *Śākya thub-pa,* where *thub-pa* renders the Sanskrit word *Śākya,* indicating the clan to which he belonged and which was called so because its members dared and could do what others did not. This idea of the "I can" has been developed in the Western context by M. Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception,* p. 137.

16. Moral conduct or self-discipline (*tshul-khrims,* Skt. *śīla*), rapturous awareness (*ting-nge-'dzin,* Skt. *samādhi*), and learnedness (*mang-du thos-pa,* Skt. *bahuśruta*) are the three cornerstones of the Buddhist way of learning and self-growth. Of these what has here been rendered by "rapturous awareness" is most difficult to understand because it is thoroughly experiential and, as the Tibetan term

implies, an "in-depth appraisal" that is self-reflexive and self-referential, not referring to something else. As such it is synonymous with *rtse-gcig* (Skt. *ekāgra*), which points to a "peak" experience in which the psychic energy has withdrawn into itself such that its presence is just sufficient to be detected by the experiencer. It is the level of calmness (*zhi-gnas,* Skt. *śamatha*), and its rapturousness is vouchsafed by the experiencer's "felt awareness" of being removed (in the sense of the German *Entrückung, entrückt*) from the subject-object dichotomy.

17. *nyams rtogs.* The term *nyams* indicates a vibration pattern that is somehow indistinctly sensed "like smoke," while *rtogs* indicates the deeply felt understanding of what was indistinctly sensed and in its clarity is likened to "fire." See Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa's auto-commentary on his *sGyu-ma ngal-gso,* the *Shing-rta bzang-po,* p. 140.

18. *legs-ldan 'gro-ba'i mig.* The Sanskrit equivalent for *'gro-ba'i mig, jagaccakṣus* "the eye (that watches) what moves about," is a metaphor for the sun. However, the sun is not associated with Śiva. This means that Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa used *'gro-ba'i mig* in its literal sense. Śiva, as is well known, has three eyes. The implication of this verse seems to be that under the assault of the forces of darkness even Śiva's third eye that usually remains open is no longer able to watch the world. The fact that Śiva has three eyes has been given an erotic twist by Kālidāsa, *Kumārasambhava,* vol. VIII, p. 7:

    In private, with her garment being taken off, she covered the two eyes of him who carries the trident [Śiva] with her two palms,
    But since the third eye on his forehead continued looking she became disconsolate at her efforts being foiled.

19. *drang-srong.* The literal meaning of this term is "a person who, being honest in all his actions by body, speech, and mind, pursues his aim in a straightforward manner" and thus is the hermeneutical interpretation of the Sanskrit (Vedic) word *ṛṣi,* which by the time of the emergence of Buddhism had already become a term denoting some mythical human beings having certain affinities with the not-quite-so-spiritual "immortals" in Taoism. Tibetan-Chinese dictionaries use *hsien* ("a man from the mountains," usually translated as "immortal") for the Tibetan *drang-srong.*

20. These three lines sum up the evolutionary approach to the problem

of one's existence in rDzogs-chen process-oriented thinking. The "ever-widening light" (*yangs-pa'i 'od*) refers to what is otherwise said to be Being's (the whole's) superdiaphaneity (*ka-dag*), a dynamic nothingness (*stong-pa*) that is undergoing a symmetry transformation into its holistic thereness (*lhun-grub*) as a sheer lucency or radiance (*gsal-ba*) and here referred to by the expresson of the "ever-present light of sun and moon" (*nun-grub nyi-zla'i 'od*). Its specification by "sun and moon" intimates a further symmetry break—the symmetry transformation of Being's superdiaphaneity into its holistic thereness, a transition from a purely "virtual state" into an "actual state" being the first symmetry break—such that the "sun" points to the action (*thabs*)-oriented movement within Being-in-its-thereness and the "moon" to its appreciation (*shes-rab*)-oriented movement.

A further symmetry break in this Being-in-its-thereness results in the "light of multitudinousness" (*sna-tshogs 'od*), which points to one's representational thought processes with their ingrained habit of objectifying, quantifying, and measuring by turning experiential features into entities or things and thus initiating the familiar subject-object relationship that is made normative. By contrast, the "light of the precious ocean" (*rin-chen rgya-mtsho'i 'od*) points to the wave-like surging of pristine awareness modes (*ye-shes*) weaving the figures of experience into a coherent whole and opening up and providing access to a world that is not susceptible to quantification and measurement.

The dynamic of what has been termed "light" (*'od*) exhibits two different types of behavior. The one is described as "unmixed" (*ma-'dres-pa*) and may be likened to what is termed coherent behavior in dissipative structures. The other is termed "mixed" (*'dres-pa*) and points to its becoming "polluted by" materiality and, by implication, mentality as waste products of an ongoing process.

21. This is the Tibetan name for Mount Kailash (or Tise in Tibetan), which reaches an altitude of 22,028 ft. It is particularly sacred to the Hindus as it is believed to be the abode of Śiva. It may not be without interest to point out a difference of conceptions with respect to the third-highest mountain in the Himalayas, the Kangchenjunga (28,208 ft.). For the Tibetans the name of this mountain is *Gangs-chen mdzod-lnga*, "Five Treasuries of Ice"; for the Hindus it

is *Kañcanajaṅgha,* "The Golden Thigh (of Pārvatī, who sits on the lap of her husband, Śiva)."

22. *'dab-bzang.* A metaphor for any bird. Here it is used as a form of address.

23. *las* and *nyon-mongs* are related to each other in the same manner as *'phrin-las* and *ye-shes* (see note 7 above). Ill-considered actions and emotional outbursts that, speaking both figuratively and literally, poison and pollute a person's social atmosphere are distortions of beneficent actions and pristine awareness modes.

24. *mtha'-bzhi.* These are "existence," "nonexistence," "both existence and nonexistence," and "neither existence nor nonexistence."

25. *sems-kyi gnas-lugs.* "Mind's abidingness" is a technical term that points to the cognitive character of Being as the whole which in us as beings, inseparable from Being as its parts, comes as "pure experience" (*sems-nyid*). It is further elaborated as "the very nature of Being's genuineness" (*ji-bzhin gnyug-ma'i don*), whereby mind's ontological status (not to be confused with an ontic postulate) is indicated such that it is a continual "how" (*ji-bzhin*) that is the concreteness of its genuineness (*gnyug-ma'i don*) presented (not re-presented) by us in our aliveness. In the *Bla-ma dgongs-'dus,* vol. 10, p. 765, the term *sems-kyi gnas-lugs,* whose comprehension is of primary importance, is explicated as follows:

    It must be understood as pure experience (*sems-nyid*) that is self-originated since it is without a ground [to rest on] and a root [from which to grow]; as being without a limiting periphery since from its very beginning it has been pure [of anything observable]; as presenting a reality that is not the domain of the intellect [and its representational mode of thought] and not existing anywhere else, but as one's own mind (*rang-sems*) in the process of becoming the "Buddha"-experience (*sangs-rgyas*).

26. *'khor-gsum (rnam-par) dag-pa.* This is a concrete example of the principle of intentionality in the "purity" of its experience. It involves an "act" phase (the donor), an "object" phase (the recipient of the gift), and a continuous "intentional arc" (the giving) holding the "act" phase and "object" phase together such that each requires the presence of the other. See also Edward S. Casey, *Imagining,* pp. 39f.

27. *stong-nyid* (openness/nothingness) and *snying-rje* (compassion) com-

plement each other; they define each other and yet exclude each other. It is the inability of language to express complexity that presents complementarity in a linear or temporal arrangement. For further details in this connection see my *The Creative Vision*, p. 106.

28. *chur-nyal.* A metaphor for fish.

29. *rang-byon,* literally "having come of its own," in this context intimates that by this first vision of Avalokiteśvara the travelers are on the right way.

30. Amoghapāśa is one of the many manifestations of Avalokiteśvara. See Alice Getty, *The Gods of Northern Buddhism,* pp. 55ff.

31. *byang-chub.* This is the rendering of how the Tibetans understood the Sanskrit term *bodhi,* whose mistaken translation by "enlightenment" in the wake of 18–19th century rationalism still haunts popular and even scholarly presentations of Buddhist thought. On the Tibetan hermeneutical investigation of this term see H. V. Guenther, "Bodhisattva—The ethical phase in evolution" (in Leslie S. Kawamura, ed., *The Bodhisattva Doctrine in Buddhism,*), pp. 112f.

32. *thabs* and *shes-rab.* They too, like *stong-nyid* and *snying-rjes* (see note 27 above), form a complementarity such that without *thabs* there can be no *shes-rab* (as detailed by Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa, *Yid-bzhin mdzod,* p. 665), without *shes-rab* there can be no *thabs.* This complementarity stems from the fact that both are positive aspects of the dynamics of Being, such that its "active" feature is *thabs/snying-rje* and its "cognitive" feature is *shes-rab/stong-nyid,* hence "appropriate action" in the human context is "compassion" and "appreciative acumen" is an "openness/nothingness" that is not marred by or imprisoned in preconceptions.

33. *'Phags-pa zla-ba dri-ma-med-pa'i mdo,* as yet unidentified; no such title is found in the Tibetan Tripitaka.

34. *dad-pa* and *brtson-pa.* These two facets go together. Not only is it necessary that one have confidence in one's abilities, which is strengthened by trust in him or her who rouses one's abilities, but also that one make efforts to bring these abilities into full play.

35. See also note 4

36. *'od-kyi snye-ma.* The word is not found in any dictionary. The translation therefore is tentative. *snye-ma* means an ear or head of

unhusked grains and in connection with light it may suggest a tiny speck of it.

37. *'od-stong-ldan.* A metaphor for the sun.

38. See note 3 above.

39. *sbrang-rtsi 'dzin-pa.* A metaphor for the bee.

40. *spros-bral.* From a process-oriented point of view this term points to the overcoming of the tendency to reduce everything to one level, the level of the representational-conceptual-propositional, and the opening up of a new level of understanding. rDzogs-chen process-oriented thinking presents a continual "fight" against any reductionism, which seems to have been as widespread in the Buddhist context as it is still today in our Western world. Pointing out the absurdity of any reductionism a passage in the *Byang-chub-sems-kyi man-ngag rin-chen phren-ba,* bearing the subtitle *Bang-mdzod 'phrul-gyi ldemig,* (in *rNying-rgyud,* vol. 2, pp. 149–207), pp. 191f. (see also p. 223) declares:

> In order to free [a person from his opinionated concern with] the extremist claim of existence (*yod-mtha'*) I speak of nonexistence (*med*), and
> The belief that holds to a "middle" (*dbus,* between existence and nonexistence) I declare to be [the notion of] nonduality (*gnyis-med*).
> In order to free [a person] from his notion of nonduality I speak of singularity (*nyag-gcig*);
> In order to free [a person] from his notion of singularity I speak of the nonconceptual/nonpropositional (*spros-bral*).
> In order to free [a person] from his notion of the nonconceptual/nonpropositional I speak of ineffability (*brjod-med*);
> In order to free [a person] from his notion of ineffability I speak of "shooting off one's mouth" (*kha-'byams*).
> This shooting off one's mouth which is just the meandering of opinions
> Is like brandishing a lance in the sky—
> Wherever one brandishes it it will hit nothing;
> It is like a peg in mud—
> Wherever one puts it one gets only mud;
> It is like the elasticity of a wet hide—
> Wherever one pulls it one just pulls;
> It is like the word of a madman—
> Whatever he says is an overevaluated statement.

41. *chos-kyi sku,* the gestalt in which Being's meaningfulness (*chos*) becomes "embodied" (*sku*) and through which it becomes experienceable by us in our embodiment (*lus*).

42. *kun-mkhyen ye-shes.* See also note 8 above.

43. *byang-chub—snying-rje—byams-pa.* This ordering is slightly unusual. The ordinary sequence is "kindness" (*byams-pa*), "compassion" (*snying-rje*), and "raising one's mind to the higher level of its pellucidity and consummation" (*byang-chub-kyi sems*). See for instance Sangs-rgyas gling-pa, *Bla-ma dgongs-'dus,* vol. 5, pp. 18, 76f., 701.

44. *ting-nge-'dzin gsum.* From an experiential point of view they are the Being-in-its-beingness in-depth appraisal (*de-bzhin-nyid-kyi ting-nge-'dzin*), the unbroken wholeness of Being in which we as beings are already embedded, the world-spanning presence of Being's lighting-up in-depth appraisal (*kun-tu snang-ba'i ting-nge-'dzin*) in which figures of experience are allowed to "present themselves—magic-like, enchanting, fascinating, charming, casting an almost irresistible spell" (H. V. Guenther, *Matrix of Mystery,* 1984, p. 78). Out of this actively felt openness and lucency of human existence there evolves a causal momentum in-depth appraisal (*rgyu'i ting-nge-'dzin*), initiating the experiencer's world by becoming expressed through words—in the experiencer's first utterance, which asserts nothing and yet "opens up the configurational complexity (*dkyil-'khor*) of man's existential situatedness, prior to his reduction into a subject-*thing* amongst a welter of object-*things*" (H. V. Guenther, loc. cit., p. 7). For further details concerning the difficult term *ting-nge-'dzin* see note 16 above.

45. *yon-tan.* See note 9 above.

46. *sems-nyid.* See note 25 above.

47. *gnyen-po gsum.* They are the facets conducive to the eventual realization of pellucidity and consummation (*byang-phyogs*), the transcending functions (*phar-phyin*), and the levels scaled in the spiritual growth process (*sa*). The thirty-seven *byang-phyogs* together with their English translation have been given in my *Kindly Bent to Ease Us,* vol. 1, pp. 241ff. The transcending functions range from six to ten and are well known, as are the ten levels of the spiritual growth process. The factors that impede and obscure the three aids have been discussed by Mi-pham 'Jam-dbyangs rnam-rgyal rgya-

mtsho (alias 'Jam-mgon 'Ju Mi-pham rgya-mtsho) in his commentary on Maitreya's *Madhyāntavibhaga* (*Collected Works,* vol. 3, pp. 691ff).

48. *sangs-rgyas.* See note 9 above.

49. *gzungs-spobs.* Spiritual sustenance (*gzungs*) is, to use Heideggerian terms, the never-failing "recollection" of Being by Being and thus the retrieval of "new spiritual energies." See in this connection David Michael Levin, *The Body's Recollection of Being,* pp. 68f. and *passim.* The term *spobs* indicates the self-reliance and the courage to live out these spiritual energies.

50. The rendering of the term *sku* by "figure" attempts to bring out the sensuous quality of the gestalt experience.

51. The rendering of the terms *rtsibs-shar* as corbels, *gyen-rgyug* (more commonly *gyen-'greng*) as abutments, and *rab-'khyil* as volutes—none of them occur in any dictionary—is based on the architectural context in which they occur here. Their qualification by "light" (*'od*), however, points to an experiential context such that they are also images in which certain "live-bodily events" (Husserl's *Leibesvorkommnisse*) express themselves. As components of a total experience in which the experiencer's body-image is an ubiquitous presence, they are aspects of kinesthesias that pertain to the level of "organismic mentation" as "an integral aspect of the organism in its holistic self-expression and its environmental relations" (Jantsch, 1980, p. 169). The organism that I am "is constituted for my experience as that 'on' and 'in' which fields of sensations are spread out, as the bearer of localized fields of sensation" (Zaner, 1964, p. 256). In describing these sensations I "externalize" them such that my organism (body) appears as a mansion or palace. In this connection one is immediately reminded of the aphorism by Novalis: "There is only *one* temple in the world, and that is the human body." See also Herbert Guenther, *The Creative Vision,* p. 56.

52. *sprin-gyi snying-po.* Dictionaries give "camphor" as the meaning of this word, but this may be slightly reductionistic. Unlike our static notion of "essence," *snying-po* has dynamic connotations, as I have shown in "Being's vitalizing core intensity" (in *Journal of Naritasan Institute for Buddhist Studies,* No. 10, 1986, pp. 75–112).

53. These, too, are certain "live-bodily events" (see note 51), but they pertain to a different level, the level of reflexive mentation "which

does not overlap with the level of the organism" (Jantsch, 1980, p. 170). Thus, as he continues (p. 171), "the structures which we perceive in the outer world are essentially based on the structures of our inner world—the structures of our multilevel mental organization." In Buddhism this multilevel organization is expressed as the "five groupings" (*skandha,* Tib. *phung-po*): the perceptual (color/shapes), the sensuous (feeling), the conceptual, the (model)-building, and the consciously selective/discriminatory.

54. *rta-bdun.* A metaphor for the sun.
55. *kumud gnyen.* A metaphor for the moon.
56. *bdag-med stong-pa.* These two terms are almost synonymous, *bdag-med* emphasizing the nonessentialist character and *stong-pa* the openness/nothingness character of Being.
57. *nyin-byed.* A metaphor for the sun.
58. *tshogs.* On this level of spontaneity they are Being's coming-to-presence from out of its primordiality (*ye-nas snang-ba*) and the possibilities of its openness/nothingness (*stong-pa'i yon-tan*) in utter unity and completeness. See *Chos-dbyings,* p. 54
59. *mkhyen-brtse.* On the meaning of *mkhyen* see note 8 above. *brtse* ("love") is its highest expression in a dynamic sense.
60. See also note 22 above.
61. *'gyu-ba.* This term denotes the first stirring of psychic potential on its way to becoming representational thinking, where it loses its intense lucidity.
62. *mi-skye-ba'i chos-la bzod-pa.* This is essentially an experience in which all reductionism has been overcome.
63. This is a play on his monastic name, Blo-gros tshul-khrims.
64. *nges-pa lnga.* They are the teacher at the center, the audience as the periphery, the message conveyed by the teacher to the audience, the place where this occurs, and the time when this occurs. These five certainties constitute what is known as a maṇḍala, a motif that was popularized in the west by the late psychologist C. G. Jung.
65. *'dab-bskyod.* A metaphor for a bird.
66. *ngag-gi dbang-po.* This is the title Klong-chen rab-'byams-pa carried when still at the educational institution of bSam-yas.

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